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THE GLADIATOR'S TRIUMPH;

OR,

The Lascivious Emperor Thwarted.

A STORY OF ROMISH INIQUITY.

CHAPTER I.

THE COMPACT—THE HERO THE LUSTFUL EMPEROR—THE SISTER'S RUIN—THE DISCLOSURE.

The Senators of Rome issued from the Senate House. There was the gloom of indignation on their faces, for Domitian, the emperor, had that day dared to offer to their sacred body, assembled in solemn meeting, a degrading and unpardonable insult. They retired in knots, discoursing in low whispers—and there was that in the countenances of many which betrayed the deep-wounded spirit, and the bitter thirst for revenge. There was somewhat of a virtue yet remaining amid the degradation of Romans.

The venerable Marcellus was one of these. He was a true lover of his fallen country; he wept for the days that were gone.

"Lentulus," said he to his companion, "come thou with me."

The two hastened to the palace of the Senator, and in his private apartment they conversed long and earnestly. When Lentulus rose to depart Marcellus grasped his hand, and said in fervent tones—

"Thou will assuredly be true to me, to thyself, and to Rome."

"Ever," was the ready answer. "This hour will I seek our friends."

"Will thou so? Then let the Emperor beware!"

The lady Livia, the daughter of the proud senator Marcus Livius Marcellus, of whom I have already spoken, a descendant of one of the noblest families of Rome, sat in the garden of her father's palace, upon the marble steps leading to the statue of Hebe. She had stolen unobserved from her apartment, and now, with her arm upon the step above her, and her cheek rested upon her hand, she watched the closed entrance. Her eye glistened with joyous expectation. She was beautiful—softly beautiful. She was not robed in that brightness of expression which commands the admiring gaze; but there was in her and around her that retiring modesty, that voluptuous grace of form and action and feature which gently win the enraptured sight, and stamp a living image upon the soul. Her hair was of a pale gold hue; not dyed thus in accordance with the taste of the Roman ladies of her time, but tinged by the hand of Nature; and it fell in ringlets over her neck, only bound by a simple ribbon—in that, too, differing from her compeers, inasmuch as the sweet purity of nature was set in contrast with the stiffness of art. Her eyes were blue, soft and changing; her features small but regular, with a tinge of subdued melancholy in their brightness. Her ornaments were of the richest gems, and her robe of the costly Indian silk shone in its twice-dyed Tyrian hue.

It was near sunset, and the rich rays of the departing orb rested on the gorgeous palaces and decorated temples of the mighty Rome—mighty even in its fall—and shed a lustre around the marble walls of the lofty capitol. All was still, and the lady Livia caught magic inspiration from the beauty of nature, and often rose from her seat and gazed in rapture around; but she as often sunk down again, and bent her mild gaze steadfastly upon the entrance to the garden.

There was a sound—she started—yes, an armed heel trod the tesselated pavements. A crimson hue, that rivalled the tint of her robe, mantled upon her transparent cheek, and her bosom heaved. The gate opened, and with a light yet ringing step, for he was clad in complete armor, Glycon, the captain of Domitian's body guard, the favored of his prince, the bravest man in Rome, stood before her.

She arose. Delight, glowing delight, was pictured on her face, and as he twined his arms around her, and pressed her to his bosom, she looked into his eyes, and while all the fervor of woman's love was glistening in her own, she softly murmured—

"My Glycon, thou hast returned."

"My sweet, sweet Livia, yes; after a month's long absence, yet true to thee as ever. Come, let us sit, my love. Ere I pay my obeisance to my master, I will spend an hour with thee."

They sat down side by side and conversed of love, and were happy in the vows of each other; and then they spoke of the past and of the future—of themselves. It would seem to have been a pleasant subject, but as they conversed Glycon's smile faded, and a sad frown usurped its place. Livia was alarmed.

"My Glycon, what ails thee? Why sits that frown upon thy brow?"

"My own Livia, I fear for our happiness; I fear for the peace of Rome. This day did the Emperor convene the Senate, and when that grave body were assembled he would have their opinions on some matter of cookery—the dressing of a turbot—and they burn with indignation. Thy father was there. I saw his swelling anger and choking shame. My Livia, though he has smiled upon our interviews, he will not give thee to one who serves the hated Emperor."

"Then why, my Glycon, dost thou serve him?"

"I have an oath, an oath sworn upon the holy altar of Jupiter, He saved my life."

"Domitian saved thy life? Thou hast never told thy Livia of this"

"'Twas but forgetfulness. I lived, thou knowest, in famed Arcadia; and there was near to my father's dwelling a Roman fortress. Often times the soldiers visited our cottage—I was but a poor peasant then—and we ever received them kindly, and freely gave them of what they stood in need. Sometimes there came among them one Rhetius, a captain, and he beguiled the heart of Hyala, my gentle sister—"

"Hast thou a sister?"

"I had, but now I own her not. She is lost—lost. Oh, Livia, forgive me these tears, but—I loved her most dearly; I would have treasured her in my heart. But she fled with the villain Rhetius—fled forever. That outrage, and the sting of other wrongs, maddened a trampled people. We rose to revenge our disgrace—but, alas! the Grecian name alone was left us; the Grecian heart of steel, the Grecian honor were gone. We were soon conquered, and I, with others, was brought to Rome. All perished save myself. The Emperor preserved me. Gratitude is strong, my Livia."

"Oh, Glycon, where is thy poor, poor sister? Speak thou not so harshly of her. She loved my Glycon."

And Livia looked up in her lover's face and clung to his bosom.

"She fled in dishonor with the Roman."

"She loved, she loved. Thou canst not estimate woman's love. Where, where is she?"

"I know not. I never sought her."

"Forgive her. Thou wilt forgive her?"

"Never."

His tone was firm and decided, and Livia, only sobbing "Poor Hyala!" wept bitterly.

Glycon rose to depart. He placed his burnished helmet upon his head, and his tall, manly form, displayed as it was by his closely fitting armor, and his bland, generous, yet noble features, made the bosom of Livia glow with pride that he should be her own. She wiped away her tears, and throwing herself upon his breast, twined her arms about his neck, while he strained her in a close embrace.

"Farewell, my Livia, the gods be with thee and watch over thee. Farewell!" and the soldier left the garden.

As he strode through the hall of the palace a slave intercepted him.

"My master would speak with thee; wilt thou follow?"

The slave led the way to a small apartment adjoining the hall, where sat the senator. The noble Marcellus, who inherited with his name the pride and virtues of his ancestors, often wept over the ignominy of Rome, the prostration of her power, the stain upon her honor, the scorn that greeted her name. He would have raised the cry of "Liberty—the Republic!" in every street. He would have hurled defiance at Rome's tyrants. But Rome was debased—enslaved; and the days of her glory were not destined again to greet the eyes of the despairing patriot. As Glycon entered he rose to welcome him, and the soldier doffed his helmet and bent low in reverence to the venerable man. Marcellus spoke—

"Glycon, thou lovest my daughter?"

"As I love my honor."

"Well. She loves thee, Glycon!"

"Yes—yes—the gods be thanked."

"Thou saidst thine honor. Thou treasurest thine honor, then?"

"Does the noble Marcellus suspect me?"

"No, no, young man; thou servest an honorable master."

The crimson on Glycon's cheek became deeper.

"Didst thou send for me that thou might insult me?"

"Nay—be calm. Honorable because he is the Emperor of Rome."

Glycon's thoughts reverted to his master's character, to the insults he had that day given to the Senate, and he felt that he needed to offer an excuse for his devotion to him.

"Most noble Marcellus," said he, "Domitian saved my life."

"Ha! well. For this thou servest him?"

"Yes—yes. For this I have been ready to die in his defence."

"So—so! I like thee—I like thee—come again—often. I will converse with thee more anon. Farewell."

After these words Glycon departed. The old senator stood a while in musing thought; then he paced the room.

"Yes, yes; gratitude—honor—well—very well! Captain of the Emperor's private guard—my daughter's lover—his own tried bravery—yes—very well."

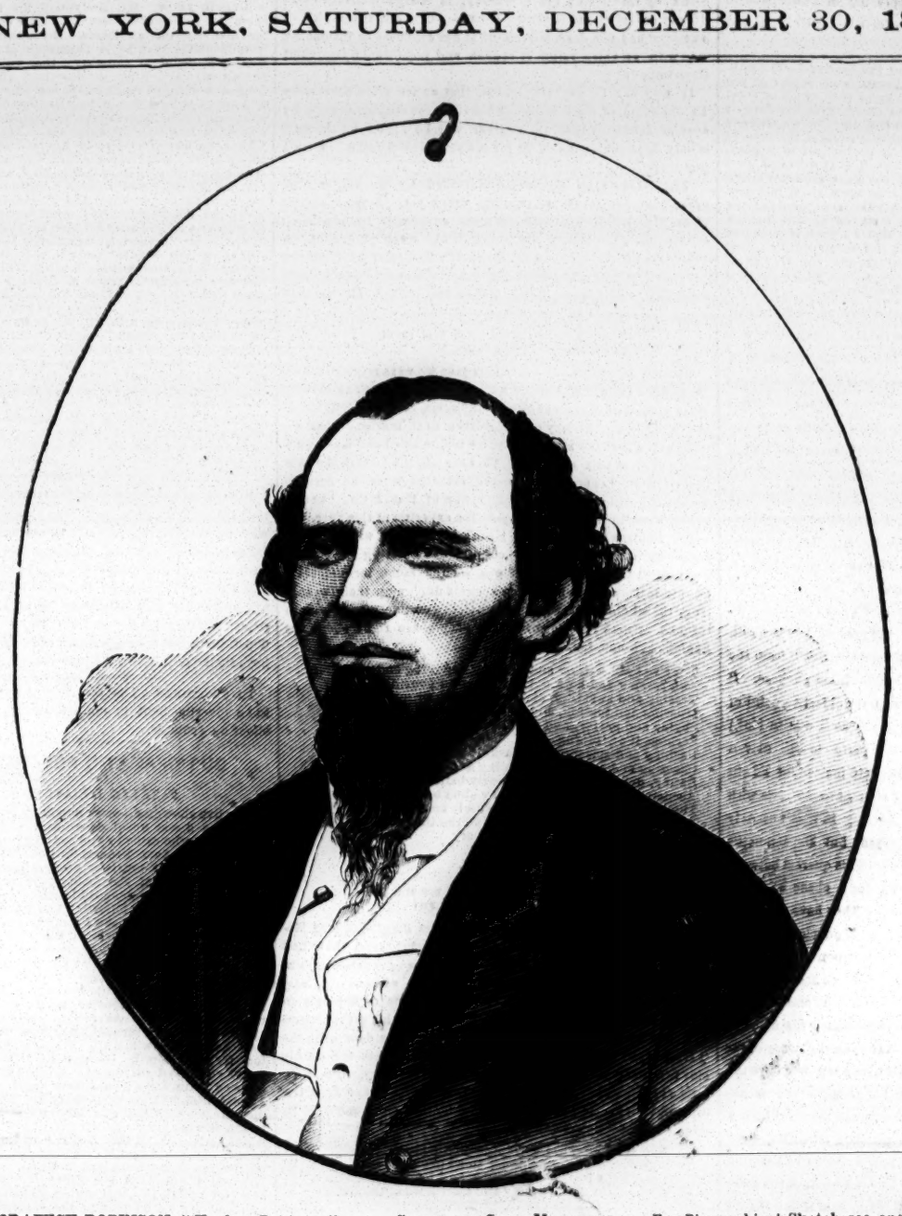
And thus speaking he left the apartment.

The informer, Matho, the most detested man in Rome save his patron, the Emperor, met Glycon as he wended his way to Domitian's palace, after the conversation described in the last chapter.

"Ha, good Glycon, returned? I'm glad to see thee. Thou hast conquered the people thou wast sent against. Thou'lt be better loved than before. I envy thee!"

The malignant look, but ill concealed beneath his fawning smile, betrayed that he envied him indeed. Glycon glanced at him with contempt, but cautiously suppressing his feelings, he replied—

"Yes, Matho, returned. How fares the great Emperor?"



FAYETTE LODAWICK ROBINSON ("Yankee Robinson"). CIRCUS AND SHOW MANAGER. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

"He prospers. Ha! how finely he tricked the gray bearded senators to-day! I saw thee there. How they did wince! 'Twas delightful. But I'm bound upon an errand; adieu!"

He passed on, and Glycon continued his way, wondering what could be the import of the few words addressed to him by the father of Livia.

As he strode along the citizens whom he met bent low before him in debased civility, for he was the captain of the Emperor's body guard, and scorn overcame pride in our hero's breast—scorn of the grovelling off-spring of noble ancestors; and then he heaved a sigh—a deep sigh of anguish for the debasement of his own storied and honored Greece, whose sun had set in eternal night. Rome had ground his country to the very dust; Rome had placed her iron foot upon the soil of his glorious home; and somewhat of hate was mingled with his scorn.

His sister—naturally did he think of her, sadly dreaming as he was of the degradation of his home, and with a firmer stride he rushed on. More bitter grew the expression of his features. He heeded not friend or stranger, but with a heartfelt curse upon the name of Rhetius, and a clenching of his teeth that betrayed some desperate purpose, he entered the gate of the Emperor's palace.

* * * * * * * * *

I will now convey the reader to an apartment of the palace, the chambers of Captain Rhetius. It is night, and he is alone within it, reclining upon a couch; and while he seems, at times, to slumber, his quick starts when any sound, however slight, disturbs the silence, betray an anxious watchfulness. His features are stern yet beautifully regular, while much of elevation is imparted to his countenance by the broad expansion of his forehead. He could smile with the sweetness that took the feelings by storm. It was his noble forehead that threw into the shade the fearful developments of avarice and passion. It was that smile which stole and fettered the gentle hearts of the dark eyed Grecian, the lost, the wre ched Hyala

Rhetius soon rose from his recumbent position, and as he sat with folded arms, looking intently at the dim lamp which threw a pale light around, that deceitful smile wreathed itself about his features, and thus he communed with himself—

"Yes, yes; the girl will be of worth to me. The Emperor will well pay me for giving her to him, and in his search for new pleasure will soon cast her back again; and then—yes—Lucius shall have her. He loves a dark eye and a pearly skin like hers, and he shall fill my coffers—the foolish spendthrift. Oh, rare luck that I found her! Why comes she not? She would not dare be coy when I so sternly bade her yield. No; she loves me—me alone of all on earth, and will do as I have bid," and the villain's smile grew deeper that he could use so much love for his demon purposes.

The door opened and a female entered with a step so light that it seemed not mortal. Yet she trod slowly and wearily. Her head was bent, and her dark hair, unbound, fell down dishevelled over her neck and bosom that heaved with her painful breathings. She advanced towards the couch on which Rhetius still sat, with arms outstretched to receive her, and when she had come near to him she stood still. Faintness seemed to be stealing through her frame and palsying her strength. With weak power she pressed her hands upon her eyes, and then clasping them before her, looked into the face of her betrayer, and a loud, long, agonizing shriek issued from her lips, telling so dreadful a tale of woe that the sentinels in the hall beyond started and grasped his spear and the hardened soldiers by the gates, who had often heard such sounds in that guilded abode of crime, smiled grimly in each other's faces. It was the utterance of a broken heart—and Hyala fell senseless upon the floor.

Rhetius placed her upon the couch, and applying restoratives, bent over her in wily craft, and tried to recover her by endearing caresses and tones of sorrowful love. He well knew the human heart, and he succeeded. She gasped, and her eyes opened. For a few moments her senses wandered. A faint smile played about her lips, and she murmured the name of her native village and of her beloved brother. When reason came again, and she felt all the horror of her situation, she calmly rose and stood up. Despair—hopeless, guilty despair—was painted on her features. Her eye was bloodshot and wildly bright; her cheek of a startling paleness, and a cold shiver ran through her frame. Rhetius was alarmed, and would have spoken soothingly, but the miserable girl motioned him to keep silence, and then in a calm, hollow tone, she said.—

"Oh, Rhetius! Rhetius! what hast thou made of me?"

The sound of her voice restored the callousness of the monster by her side, who had feared she was dying, and he answered—

"Nay, nay, Hyala, thou wilt not upbraid me; I love thee still as much as ever. Aroune thee, Hyala—this is foolishness."

Hyala remained yet before him, her eye wandering around, and seemed not to hear his words; for when he had ended she only replied, with a mournful shake of her head, as if agony had stolen her senses,—

"Rhetius! Rhetius! what hast thou made of me?"

"Girl," answered he, "thou hast done nothing more than the Roman women do every day. Away with this grieving. Be it known thee, it is an honor to thee that the Emperor of Rome has smiled upon thee! and more—it has added gold, much gold to thy lover's coffers. Ha! ha! Thou shalt partake of it, and—and—thou shalt visit the prince again, my Hyala," and he kissed her.

At these words she fell down upon her knees before him, and clasped her hands in mute supplication, as white and still as the marble statues which adorned the apartment. In the act a circlet of the richest gems, wrought in the finest gold, partly escaped from beneath the bosom of her robe, and glittered in the light. Rhetius darted upon it with a smile of joy; and drawing it forth he strode to the lamp and examined it with a scrutinizing eye. Then he held it up in admiration.

"My good, dear Hyala—so thou didst not refuse his gifts? I know I bade thee not, and thou hast obeyed me. I thank thee. 'Tis worth the fortune of the proudest senator of Rome! How sparkle the diamonds and pearls! Oh, glorious prize!"

And as he placed the dazzling chain with his ill gotten riches, he muttered to himself, 'The girl shall go again!'

There was a knock at the door of the room. It was a messenger from the Emperor commanding the presence of Rhetius: and bidding Hyala to be of good cheer, he hastened to obey the summons.

Domitian, the Emperor of Rome, was alone in his apartment. He had just pressed his polluted lips upon the forehead of the beautiful Grecian whom Rhetius had given up to him, and dismissed her from his presence. He was alone and miserable. The emblems of his grandeur were around him. He gloated upon the remembrance of a thousand maddening pleasures, upon the anticipation of a thousand coming gratifications of his unholy passions. He trod the floor, the Emperor of Rome! to whom a world bowed down—before whom multitudes trembled! yet happier was the savage Scythian in his wild fastnesses than Domitian in his greatness. He knew himself to be cursed by a multitude of tongues. He knew that revenge, just revenge, burned in the breasts of husbands, fathers, brothers, for wives, daughters, sisters, dragged to the sacrifice of fiendish licentiousness that the hate of many was upon him for possessions tyrannically seized; that a people would have shouted at his death knell for rights trampled into the dust, honor assailed, justice violated; that the gods must have fixed their ban upon his soul for enormities that the tongue trembled to utter. The demon of fear was his second self, within him and ever by his side. Mirrors of polished brass lined his walls, that the shadows of the secret assassin might betray him! Such is the happiness of the mighty wicked! Such was Domitian, the Emperor of Rome

His features were distorted by the indulgence of brutish sensuality, and so completely had he surrendered his soul to unbridled guilt that every successive thought was a hideous crime. Even now, as he sat upon his couch, a savage smile came over his face at the recollection of the death pangs of two citizens on whose murder he had that day feasted. Gradually the fierce expression faded, and visions crossed his depraved imagination of beauty oft made his own—of demon plans to win yet more to his loathsome embraces; but ever and anon, as he thus indulged his foul desire, a shudder came over him—a paleness overspread his countenance, and his eyes peered in every corner. There was a slight sound; he sprang to his feet and the drops came out upon his forehead; in a tremulous voice, as of a scared child, he called out,—

"Jupiter defend me! Lucius, art thou there?"

The voice of the guard at the door was heard in reply, and it calmed the fears of the Emperor, who, muttering of assassins, threw himself upon his couch. He soon started again in an agony of terror, as the challenge of the guard sounded in the stillness; and he tremblingly grasped the handle of his naked sword when he heard the door slowly open.

A soldier entered, made his obeisance, and approached the almost shrinking monarch; and not until he had spoken was he recognized to be the trusty, the faithful Glycon.

"Pardon me that I intrude upon thee, my master, thus unseasonably. I bethought me thou wouldst not desire me to sleep ere my mission's end were made known to thee."

"Right, my Glycon. Let me grasp thy hand. Thy Emperor rejoices in thy safety. Thou art ever watchful. We know that thou hast achieved our work."

Glycon then detailed the events of the uprising he had been sent to quell; when he had concluded the Emperor again spoke.

"Nobly acted! what need have we to fear with such as thou art to protect! But soft—the guard again challenges a comer. 'Tis Rhetius, my tried captain, who hath returned from his post in Greece."

A slight start was the only evidence that Glycon knew aught of Rhetius for he possessed the power to smother his passions within his breast. The Emperor continued,—

"Go thou within the inner chamber, my Glycon, until I have spoken with Rhetius. I will call thee when I have done."

Gladly did our hero avail himself of this command, for he could not calmly have met the betrayer of his sister, and the deep and settled hate burning within him might have broken out even in the chamber of Domitian. He strode hastily across the floor to the room designated, that his figure might not be shadowed in the mirrors around, and himself be revealed; yet he closed not the door ere his enemy had entered and the Emperor thus spoken,—

"Ha, my Rhetius, welcome! I sent for thee as I promised, to tell thee of the sunny Hyala"—

"Hyala!" Glycon caught the sentence and stood aghast "Hyala!" Domitian uttering that name? It could not be; he had not heard aright; and he bent his head and stilled his very breath to listen.

"Didst thou not find her in all as worthy the kisses of the mighty Emperor as I had depicted?" said the heartless parasite.

"More—more!" exclaimed Domitian, his eye kindling and his voice fervent at the memory of her beauty. "Her breath was as sweet as the fragrant gales from the groves of the far East; and her ruby lips wooed the kisses I hastened in rapture to bestow. Here—here is thy reward. She must come again."

"She shall, mighty Emperor. May thy subject ask how received the girl the caresses of her great master?"

"Coyly, coyly, my Rhetius, and shrunk and wept, and made me burn the more with the fire of love. But I conquered—I conquered. Remember, she must come again. Where didst thou get her?"

"In Greece. She was a peasant girl of my province. I won her love that I might bring her to thee."

"I thank thee—I thank thee! and now farewell. Bear thou this word to the dark-eyed Hyala—that Domitian loves her. Per Jove! She is a goddess! Farewell!"

Rhetius left the apartment loaded with the price of his mistress—a casket of the richest gems—and Glycon came again before his monarch; but he looked not as before. There was a flush upon his face, a withering fire in his eye, a quiver on his lips, and drops of sweat upon his brow, that told how mental agony had mastered even the careful soldier. His fingers played with the handle of his sword as if they longed to clutch it; he towered to his full height, and the steel plates that covered his breast rose and fell, and slightly rattled with its heaving. He did not, could not speak

"Thou mayst go, my Glycon," said Domitian; in his reverie on the beauties of Hyala he was blind to the emotions of the soldier. "Thou mayst go, assured of my love for thee; let me see thee to-morrow."

Glycon only bowed as he departed, and as the door closed behind him he grasped his sword with convulsive energy, while the breath came hard through his teeth.

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Another, a softly moving, cringing creature, was not long after this in the chamber of Domitian. It was Matho, whom we have met before.

"My Lord, a prize I have for thee; a being so beautiful and bright and young that she seems one of the daughters of heaven sojourning on the earth; a being who has been kept from the world, pure as the gushing fountain."

The Emperor, while Matho thus discoursed, listened with a joy increased by every new epithet of praise.

"Who is she, Matho?" interrupted he; "where? is she here? Hast thou already purchased her for me? Speak! What callest thou her?"

"Livia; and she is the daughter of a proud senator. Force alone will get her. Oh, how celestial are her charms!"

"Senator! Curses light upon him and his order! Get her! here is my signet; and slay the senator if it be necessary. Shall I have her to-morrow, Matho?" asked he in eagerness, laying his hand on the Informer's arm.

"Yes, my lord; and I dare to crave a boon. When thou hast done with her shall Matho possess her?"

"Yes, yes; I will give her to thee."

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Glycon strode through the broad galleries of the palace, hardly conscious of his course; and his emotion grew more vivid and maddening as he went on. He was governed by a wild determination to execute immediate vengeance. Hyala, his sister, what was she now? The thought almost turned his brain, and hastily inquiring of the guard the direction, he rushed towards the apartment of Rhetius, impelled by passion, not knowing what end he would attain. He paused not at the door; the guard dared not oppose the entrance of so powerful an officer, and he was within the chamber. Rhetius was not there, but a quivering yet melodious voice broke upon his ear.

"Rhetius, is it thou?"

There was no reply, and Hyala stole softly forward and lifted her eyes to scan the comer. She saw him, knew him, and was blasted by the sight. She did not utter a sound, but her gaze was chained on his, and the blood retreated to her heart, leaving her an icy statue. With a slight cry, as he mastered his throbbing feelings, Glycon grasped her by the shoulder and drew her from the room sustained and carried onward by his giant strength, she almost unconsciously moved on. Accustomed to such sights, the servitors only glanced at them as they went by, whispering, perhaps, to each other, a casual remark; and thus they emerged from the palace into the wide and splendid garden.

Glycon went on, without pause or hesitation, towards a nook at some distance, with the same dreadful agony depicted on his countenance; and never did he bend his head to glance at the almost paralyzed being he was dragging along, who now, nearly exhausted, scarce trod the earth beneath her.

It was a quiet and lovely spot where Glycon paused; a grove encircled it, and a marble fountain played ceaselessly in its centre, its tinkling waters alone breaking the stillness that hallowed the scene. Beneath, the green sward spread out like an inviting carpet, wooing the feet to tempt its softness. Beside this fountain stood Glycon and his sister. For a few moments he held her as he had come, without motion, as if he needed time to collect his wild and bewildered senses, and make sure of the stern purpose within his soul. Then he drew his hand across his brow, and with a faint groan look at upon poor Hyala; at first, the victim of her own innocent heart, and then the betrayed of the wretch who had first taught her even the name of sin. She was not now the fair creature who laughed in the sunlight of her native Greece, though few could rival the beauty that yet robed her features. Alas! the sorrow of blighted hope, of dread humiliation and shame were gnawing at her heart.

Glycon smoothed away the dishevelled hair from her brow, and gazed into her eyes. With a quick gasp she closed the aching lids, as if the sight of him were pain.

"Hyala," at length he said, in a low, husky tone, "I loved thee. Thy mother doted on thee; and I have seen her watch thee when thy spirit was glad, smiling in her joy that the gods had bestowed upon her such a child. Thy father was proud when the villagers asked for the welfare of his beauteous daughter, and he, too, blessed Jupiter for the gift of thee. Thou wert the victim of a Roman; thou preferredst the kiss of a Roman villain to virtue and the love of thy kindred; and now! Hyala, Hyala! where wast thou last night? Ha! thou shrinkest, and thy breath grows quick. Guilty one! Oh, ye gods! that ever such shame should be thine! that Glycon should blush for the sister of his affection! What is fit for thee? Each day of thy life is heaping loads of ignominy on thee and me. Hyala, thou must die!"

His right hand grasped the weapon, and it gleamed in the air. His arm trembled, as if he had scarce courage for the deed; his face was blanched to snowy whiteness, and his body rocked to and fro. He lifted the sword to strike; it was a useless motion. The hands of Hyala convulsively clasped together; a sudden and fearful change came over her features; her fingers parted; the arm of Glycon headed beneath her lifeless weight; and he laid her upon the earth, senseless, motionless, dead!

He stooped down by her side and kissed her brow; then taking a long, still look at her face, he severed a lock of her hair with his sword, thrust it into his bosom, and strode away. He bade some of the slaves, in a few words, to bury her where she lay; and ere long the clods were the covering to the sad girl's bosom; and the fountain played alone, its bell-like droppings sounding the only requiem of the departed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OULD NAT AND THE YOUNG DUKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It is pretty generally known that Nat Langham, the boxer who rejoices in the title of "the only man who ever beat Tom Sayers"—although the statement involved in it may fairly be considered open to discussion since the memorable Farnborough battle—keeps a "public house," or, as we call it, a liquor store, with the sign of the "Mitre," in St. Martin's Lane, London. Now, what a mitre has to do with a sporting house is a legitimate subject of speculation, although we have heard it authoritatively stated that certain bishops of the old school are even yet to be found who take their CLIPPER or their *Bell's Life* with their Episcopal breakfast. But let that pass. At all events, Ould Nat keeps the Mitre in St. Martin's Lane, and, go at whatever time in the day you will, or whatever day of the week you will—except Derby and Leger days, for the host does something in the horseflesh line occasionally—you are sure to see the plentifully-battered but still smiling face of Ould Nat himself behind the bar. He will draw you your modest pint of porter, he will mix you with his own fair hands a steaming glass of toddy, he will induct you into the parlor, and, if you are of an adventurous turn, he will, just as a pure matter of business, oblige you by tapping your claret, doubling you up by a neat right-hander in that portion of your anatomy known as the bread-basket, placing one eye in mourning for the other, and otherwise initiating you into the inner mysteries of the noble art of self-defence.

The latter of these operations is conducted in a *sanctum* over the bar, where gloves, foils, prints of ballet girls, portraits of boxers, and drawings of trotting matches are plentifully besprinkled. Nat does a great business in this way; and, as his house is the great *rendezvous* of the "fancy" on any great day, he may not unreasonably be supposed to be making a tidy little fortune. It is here that white neck tied, dress-coated, perfumed swells drive to alter the opera, and it is with Ould Nat (who knows that his business depends on letting them knock him about to their heart's content) that they enjoy a little social mawleying before going to bed.

One of Nat's principal patrons used to be the young Duke of St. A——, who has so lately figured in a disreputable light in the Divorce Court, and whom I have seen frequently arm-in-arm with the Young Prince of Wales, passing *incognito* along the streets of the West End. The Duke used to go frequently to the Mitre, and prided himself not a little on his dexterity with the gloves. Of course Nat would let him fib away just as he pleased, only putting in a little one occasionally to let him know that he hadn't got it all his own way. On one occasion his grace was accompanied by a select party of "young bloods" who had been invited for the express purpose of seeing the youthful patrician administer a dose to the professional pugilist. After donning the gloves and putting a few on Nat's physiognomy, the Duke cried out, amidst the "bravos" of his companions:—

"Why the devil don't you strike, man?"

"Perhaps your grace wouldn't like it," suggested Nat, meekly.

"Never mind whether my grace likes it or not," retorted the Duke, rather stung by the sniggering of his friends, "hit where you please and as hard as you please."

Nat did not require a second invitation. After sparring a little, and following up his man in the most scientific manner, he let fly with his left on the ducal proboscis, the consequence of which was that the owner of that injured feature measured his length on the floor in the most undignified manner.

Boxing was discontinued directly, and the Duke has forgotten to call at the Mitre since. Nat says that his grace owes him a trifling matter of £12.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE WITH A WHALE.—The captain of a whaler gives the following account of an adventure which came very near being his last. In giving an account of the accident and singular escape, he said that as soon as he discovered that the line had caught in the bow of the boat, he stooped to clear it, and attempted to throw it out from the chock, so that it might run free. In doing this he was caught by a turn round his left wrist, and himself dragged overboard. He was perfectly conscious while he was rushing down with unknown force and swiftness, and it appeared to him that his arm would be torn from his body, so great was the resistance of the water. He was well aware of his perilous condition, and that his only chance of life was to cut the line. But he could not remove his right arm from his side, to which it was pressed by the force of the element in which it was drawn. When he first opened his eyes, it appeared as if a stream of fire was passing before them; but as he descended it grew dark, and he felt a terrible pressure on his brain, and a roaring as of thunder in his ears. Yet he was conscious of his situation, and made severe efforts to reach his knife, that was in his belt. At last he felt his strength failing and his brain reeling; the line for an instant slackened, he reached his knife, and instantly that the line became taut its edge was upon it, and by a desperate effort of his exhausted energies he freed himself. After this he only remembered a feeling of suffocation, a gurgling spasm, and all was over until he awoke to an agonized sense of pain in the boat.

THE CAFES OF PARIS.—In a Parisian cafe you will find as many women as men—respectable women, too, who come with their husbands, and bring their children with them. There they sit, in a family group, round a marble table, sipping their coffee or their wine, thinking it no shame to be seen by any of their neighbors, because there is nothing to be ashamed of. The cafe is not at all only a drinking shop. There is no necessity to drink anything stronger than coffee or *eau sucre*; and you may sit at your table as long as you please, read the paper, play at dominoes, or chat with your friends. All the amenities of private life are strictly observed. The men are gallant and polite; you never hear a word that could offend the most sensitive, and you never—or very rarely indeed—see any one tipsy. There is nothing about the place to suggest the drinking shop, or impress you with the obligation to drink. You feel that you are at liberty to take your ease and pleasure and do as you like. So accustomed is the landlord to look upon his house of the public, that he will sometimes take more interest in a game of dominoes or piquet than in the vending of as a place for the convenience and general entertainment his goods. Madame will have to shriek to aim to come and attend to his business. In Paris, even the lowest classes take their wine like gentlemen; in London they swill their liquor like pigs. A London public house is a trough.

MARRIAGE IN CHINA.—The daughters whom they condescend to rear have a sad and isolated lot. They remain shut up in the parental mansion, solely occupied with sewing and housewifery. Wealthy parents give them a slight education, but in general their education is confined to needlework. No public school is open for girls. When they are old enough to marry, their parents think much less about their future happiness than of their own private interests, and solely endeavor to conclude a sort of bargain by selling them to the highest bidder. Their father and mother—or, in default of them, their nearest relations—exercise an absolute authority over the marriage of the children; young people are allowed to have no will in the matter. Sometimes two friends bind themselves by an oath to marry their unborn babes, if they turn out of different sexes. The promise is sealed by tearing their tunics, each giving the other its portion. Unions formed under such conditions as these are scarcely likely to be of long duration. Incompatibilities of temper soon declare themselves, and the woman being the weaker, suffers the most for her husband has many being the weaker, suffers the most for her husband has many being she weakest, suffers the most for her husband has man being she weakest

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1865.

NOTICE.

To Subscribers and Advertisers.

As a standing and general answer to the many correspondents who write us for information on these subjects, we beg leave to submit the following rates:—

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Single Copy.....10 cents | Subscription per annum...$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers..6¼ " | " for 6 months.2 50
To Retail Agents.....7 " | " for 3 months.1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

ADVERTISING.—Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week. Communications, to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible. As the business of the CLIPPER is conducted on the CASH principle, payment in advance for both subscription and advertising is insisted upon. All letters and communications for any and every department of this paper must, to insure attention, be addressed only to FRANK QUFEN, Editor and Proprietor.
22 Spruce street, New York.

CARD.

NEW YEAR'S DAY comes but once a year, and when it comes, in New York city it is of considerable importance; in fact, it is *the* holiday of the year. Bearing this fact in mind, and bearing also in mind the fact that the 1st of January, 1866, happens on Monday, the day we go to press, we take this opportunity to notify our patrons that next week's issue of the CLIPPER will not be put to press until Tuesday evening, January 2d. We defer the publication of the CLIPPER one day in order that all interested in the various departments of our paper—reporters, pressmen, type setters, editors, etc., may have a chance to participate in the festivities of New Year's day, a holiday more honored in the observance than in the breach. Therefore, take notice, beloved friends, anxious inquirers, constant readers, etc., that the NEW YORK CLIPPER will be one day behind its usual time of publication next week, going to press on Tuesday evening instead of Monday. "Ever be happy" New Year.

To Correspondents.

BARNEY.—*Euchre.*—"1. Clubs are trumps; I lead the Jack of spades; my opponent has no trump; must he play a spade on my Jack? 2. My opponent deals, and turns up a spade. I order him to take it up, and I propose to go alone; he says I have no right to go alone after ordering it up. Please decide."
.....1. Your Jack of spades, being the left bower, is consequently a trump; your opponent, having no trump, can play any card he holds on your Jack. 2 You can go it alone, the right to do so belonging to you only.

ENSIGN.—The American copyright act is violated every day; it does not fully meet the purpose for which it was intended. There is no protection afforded by the present law against taking a play, changing the form of the dialogue, and still preserving the plot and really all the conversations of the piece. If dramas are not printed, prompters have every chance to steal copies of manuscript, and it is often done.

S. E. F.—1. Frank Leslie is in this city preparing for an early *debut* on the operatic stage. 2. We are not advised of the future movements of Miss Caroline Richings. Philadelphia is her home when not playing. 3. Dan Bryant never appeared in white face at the New Bowery. He first played in white face at the Winter Garden, as Handy Andy, for W. Floyd's benefit.

R. B., Washington, D. C.—"1. In playing at cribbage, I hold a seven, eight and nine of hearts, and the four of clubs in hand, with the ten of hearts turned up. Can I claim four points for the flush? 2. A plays a seven, B an ace, A a six, B a deuce, A a five, B a tray and A plays a four and claims a routine of seven points. Can he get them?".....1. No. 2. Yes.

FRANK L. P. M., Baltimore.—Almost all the principal billiard matches are played on Phelan & Collender's "standard American four pocket tables." Championship and first class match game are nearly always carom games exclusively, consequently the pocketed balls are not counted except as forfeits.

INQUIRER, Providence.—Your objection amounts to nothing, as it takes an exception to prove a rule. B and C being six points each, and equally entitled to the point for game, it is, to use turf parlance, a dead heat, and they must play another hand to find out "who's which."

PEEKSKILL.—No authentic record being kept of such performances, we are unable to give you the fastest time at the distances named. We have heard of several instances of extraordinary time, but they have not been properly authenticated to warrant us in endorsing them.

F. WENDLING, New Rochelle, N. Y.—1. Mike McCoole's fighting weight was 180 lbs. 6 feet ¾ in height. 2. There has been no recognised Champion of America since the retirement of Coburn. 3. It will cost you about three dollars. 4. $10,000, fought for by Hyer and Sullivan.

J. V. S., Winona.—The Philadelphia Academy of Music is the largest opera house in this country. The opera houses in the old world are larger than ours. The La Scala, at Milan, covers nearly 20,000 more square feet than the Philadelphia house, and the opera house at Munich nearly 30,000 more square feet.

SOLOMON.—"A, B, C and D are playing euchre, A and C partners against B and D. A deals—all pass; A takes it up, and goes alone; B plays alone against him and euchres him. How many points does B make? 2. Does an euchre ever count more than two points?".....1. Two points only. 2. No.

E. K., Newark, N. J.—"There was a raffle for a muff, and 44 was thrown. A bet B five dollars that 44 would not win; 44 was tied; one bought the other off. Who won the money?"..... The man who bet 44 would not win loses the five dollars.

H. C., Waltham, Mass.—The company when traveling in December, 1857, was known as Morris Brothers, Pell & Huntley's Minstrels. The company took possession of their School street establishment, Boston, in January, 1858.

M. BAILEY, Franklin, N. H.—1. The highest runs in billiards because of so many unauthenticated claims, are involved in much obscurity that we are unable to answer your question. 2. John Heenan has never fought Jem Mace.

BIG INDIAN.—1. The lady was in Mobile at last accounts, with Spalding & Bidwell's Variety Company. 2 There have been three horses that have trotted twenty miles within the hour, viz., Trustee, Lady Fulton and Captain McGowan.

C. L., St. Louis.—Any items in the sporting world are at all times acceptable. We cannot give you the present whereabouts of the lady. Watch our summary and you may learn in the course of a week or so.

C. M. F.—"A, B, C and D play a partner game of euchre; A deals; B, C and D pass; A takes it up and plays alone. Can B go alone against him? 2 In same game A deals, B passes, C assists his partner. Can D play alone?".....No, to both questions.

HARRY, East Boston.—We have heard a directly contrary opinion expressed as to their merits, some correspondents ranking the troupe equal to the general run of minstrel bands.

FRIEND OF THE CLIPPER, Hamilton.—Edwin Forrest's mother was an American, and his father a Scotchman, and both strong adherents to the Scotch Presbyterian Church.

S. L. T.—The act prohibiting theatrical performances on Saturday evenings in Massachusetts was abolished in March, 1858, and took effect April 26th.

AN OLD READER.—All the ladies you inquire about are still in the profession, scattered over the country, several of whom are playing under other names.

BILLIARDS, Owego.—It is quite proper to play the push shot as often as you have the opportunity, unless it is mutually debarred before commencing play.

BUFFALO.—You cannot be a close observer, or you would have noticed that mention of the cane presentation was made in our last.

C. McD., Trenton, N. J.—Elliott is not a Baltimorean, neither was he present at the Heenan and Sayers' fight, nor has he ever been in London to our knowledge.

LE ROY, Ware House Point, Ct.—The late President Lincoln's remains were conveyed all the way from Washington to Springfield, Ill., without change of car.

A CONSTANT READER, Newark, N. J.—We do not know of such a person. You could probably gain the required information by inquiring at McLaren's Caledonia Shades, Market street.

A. B. C. D.—The fight between Tom Hyer's father and a man named Tom Beasley, about 1814, is the first prize battle that is recorded.

A CONSTANT READER, Indianapolis, Ind.—Tom King never fought Bill Ryall.

BLAIR.—Johnny Lazarus and Pete Daley fought in California, March 10 1863.

S. S., Cleveland.—The riot took place at the Astor Place Opera House on Wednesday evening, May 10, 1849.

JACK SULLIVAN, Baltimore, Md.—Coburn's weight was 154 lbs.; McCoole's, 180 lbs.

J. M., Boston.—The best running leap recorded is 28 feet, by John Howard.

W. F.—Mrs. W. J. Florence was the first American comedienne that ever visited England professionally.

PROF. E. H., Detroit.—Items always acceptable. Our subscription price is $4 a year.

W. A. L.—The lady you mention is not the mother of the Western Sisters. There are but two sisters.

S. R., Philadelphia.—The lady was born in 1843. Has been starring since 1856, and is married.

TOBACCONIST, Mahoning City, Pa.—A "Full" hand beats a "Flush" every time.

F. R.—It is illegal for a man to kill his horse unless he first gets permission from the proper authorities.

ANNAPOLIS.—As no cards had been played, our opinion is that B can claim his deal.

EUCHRE, Pithole City.—We should lead the highest trump in hand, in order to find out the weak points of the opposition.

DAN KERRIGAN.—We have a letter for you.

WM. CLARKE.—And one for you.

PHILADELPHIA.—Quail and partridge are different birds.

CUB, New Bedford, Mass.—Thank you, do it again when you can.

F. H. Q., New Orleans.—We have a correspondent in your city.

A READER.—The lady retired from the stage five years ago.

A HEARTLESS ACT.

People of New York to the Rescue.

The public have learned through the medium of the press that Mr. Edwin Booth, our young American tragedian, contemplates making his reappearance on the stage, on Wednesday, January 3d, at the Winter Garden. Mr. Booth has been absent from the boards about three-fourths of a year, the cause of his absence being well known. It is not of his own seeking now that the American actor is about to appear again in a public capacity; some of our most influential and high minded citizens have time and again sought him out in his retirement, and urged him to resume the duties of his profession, remarking that the public were desirous of an opportunity to testify their sympathy for him, and to give him such a welcome as any man might well be proud of. Thus urged, Mr. Booth at last consented to come forth from his retirement, and resume his professional duties. The time fixed upon for his reappearance is January 3d, but the *New York Herald*, in a spirit of heartlessness and malignity which no other journal could be guilty of, seeks to prevent Mr. Booth from again appearing in public, and to this end the following fiendish, characteristic article appeared in that paper on Sunday, Dec. 24th:

IS THE ASSASSINATION OF CÆSAR TO BE PERFORMED?—The public must be surprised to learn that a Booth is to appear on the New York stage the coming week. We know not which is most worthy of concemnation, the heartless cupidity of the foreign manager, who has no sympathy with this country or the feelings of the American people, in bringing out this actor at the present time, or the shocking bad taste of the actor himself in appearing. Will he appear as the assassin of Cæsar? That would be, perhaps, the most suitable character and the most sensational one to answer the manager's purpose. Shame upon such indecent and reckless disregard of propriety and the sentiments of the American people! Can the sinking fortunes of this foreign manager be sustained in no other way than by such an indecent violation of propriety? The blood of our martyred President is not yet dry in the memory of the people, and the very name of the assassin is appalling to the public mind; still a Booth is advertised to appear before a New York audience.

Could Satan himself be guilty of such atrocious, such devilish malignity? Bennett's quarrel is not with Mr. Booth, but with the New York managers; yet he seeks to wreak his vengeance on one of our most loyal, long-suffering citizens. Is Edwin Booth to be held accountable for the offences of another? If such doctrine is to prevail, then is the editor of the *Herald* guilty of the assassination of thousands of martyrs, for that journal assisted in instigating the rebellion; it encouraged secessionists, and opposed the rights of the North until the populace of New York city surrounded the *Herald* office, and compelled its editor to raise the American flag on his establishment. The following day the tone of the *Herald's* editorials was entirely changed; where yesterday it had been of the most rabid secession order, to-day it was radically Union. The force of public opinion compelled the change, not inclination on the part of Mr. Bennett. If he seeks to create a mob to drive Mr. Edwin Booth from the stage, we tell him that he will signally fail in his purpose. If mob rule is to be the issue of this quarrel, the objective point of that mob will be the *Herald* establishment, (as it was in 1861,) and not the Winter Garden, and the party to be driven out of the city will be James Gordon Bennett instead of Edwin Booth. Let any of Mr. Bennett's tools attempt to interfere with Mr. Booth in any manner, and the probability is that not only will the *Herald* establishment be destroyed, but Mr. Bennett's residence at Washington Heights as well. This quarrel between Mr. Bennett and the managers has assumed a phase when the public feel themselves called upon to act. They have long tolerated the dirty, vindictive spirit of the *Herald* people; they have long suffered that sheet to inflict foul wrong upon good citizens who may have incurred its displeasure. The tide has changed at last; the people made themselves felt on that memorable day in April, 1861, when Bennett turned his unparalleled flip-flap, "by request." That lesson should not be lost upon the editor of the *Herald*. We trust that nothing this man may say will have the effect to deter Mr. Booth from making his re-appearance as announced. Public sympathy is with Mr. Edwin Booth, who has already suffered more than language can tell; the public voice calls for his return to the stage; the public desire to have an opportunity to make manifest their good feeling towards him; this opportunity is about to be offered them, and if the *Herald* desires to know what the popular feeling is in regard to its attack upon an innocent and a much injured man, let its editor be present at the Winter Garden on the 3d of January. We caution this man against carrying his devilish spite too far. If he invokes the aid of mob law to effect his purpose, let him beware of the "unchained tiger." Let the people sustain our young American tragedian against the assaults of Bennett.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

As the end of the year draws near, the streets, the stores, and the people assume their annually festive appearance. Already extensive preparations are being made for the jovial good humor of the New Year, and it may safely be presumed that the first of January will be rather enhanced in interest from the fact that the late Thanksgiving Day was but ill suited to the desire of the people for holiday-making. In the market and poultry stores, wonderfully plethoric turkeys—and seemingly choleric, too, in their dangling redness—hang from stout hooks, their fat breasts covered by the miniature American flags which are stuck all over them in honor of the season. Gigantic quarters of beef loom up in the background, bearing large national emblems, and attracting the attention of the passing crowd by their wonderful size and good looks. Then there are hosts of smaller fry in the poultry line, which are all destined to contribute their share to the festivity of the season. Some of them are decorated by colors and ribbons, and form—if not solid food just yet, at least food for the reflection and contemplation of admiring passers by.

It is singular how this approaching special season of the year is influenced by imagination. Everything appears to wear a holiday guise; the butchers, the bakers, the sweet candy makers, are all alive; not so much by the force of any additional attractions, as by the force of imagination. One imagines that everybody *must* be jovial about New Year's time, and so we individually seem to do our best, and with complete success, to be as jovial as anybody else. And why not? Surely there never was, or never will be, a greater occasion for thankfulness and good humor than on the first of January, 1866. Never were there greater or more cogent reasons why the whole nation should feel glad and rejoice, for, as each family circle meets around the hospitable board, and as each visitor is entertained by the host and hostess with a liberal hand and a kindly heart, every individual must feel personally thankful for the blessing of restored peace and unity.

It is a specially interesting characteristic of a great nation like ours that abundant preparations should be made by every household for the entertainment of friends; and in most cases it is due to American hospitality to say that the more who partake of it, the better pleased are those who provide it. The whole resources of establishments are called up for the occasion, and each member of the family is determined to do his or her best to make their "open house" worthy of the day. The plate is newly polished, pictures and room decorations are freshly arranged, and as an important adjunct to the merry making of the occasion, the young ladies are all dressed appropriately and wear their most charming smiles. For some weeks perhaps before the great occasion they are in a delicious flutter as to what they shall wear, and the shopping done on their part to solve this interesting problem is something enormous. Who shall say, too, what innocent flirtation is carried on between Blanche and the Captain with his whiskers, who has gallantly served his country in the war, and to whose appearance the bronze of the battlefield lends an additional interest? Papa is out visiting, of course, and Brother Fred is making himself amiable with the girls of the different families with whom he is acquainted, and so Blanche and the Captain can exchange what scoffers are pleased to call "soft nothings," but what appear to the lovers to be something of the greatest importance. And if papa should happen to come home in the evening rather "incoherent," and insist on leading off in the evening party in a "step" which is not recognized by any of the saltatory masters, who will blame him for the slight indiscretion, committed, as it is, on New Year's Day?

But beyond the merely social aspect of New Year's enjoyments there is a deep meaning attached to them. It is a season when the poor may be on an equality with the rich, when the great principles of even the constitution are carried out to the very letter; and when, as is right and enjoined by scripture, the leading principles of social intercourse are "peace and good will to all men."

AMUSING MUSINGS.

WINTER has fairly put in an appearance. He does not confine himself exclusively to the "Garden" named in his honor. In fact, he is not an exclusive cuss. He would just as soon tweak your rosy proboscis as to pinch the dainty ears or to lift the dainter petticoats of yonder pretty girl. The time has come when hot lemonades affiliate nicely to a "stick;" when shin-toasting is a peculiarly pleasing form of light gymnastics; when the blood whirls with your light fantastic toes; when you button your shirt and overcoat (if you chance to possess those superfluous articles of toilet) closely about your manly form; when you polish up your old skates and watch for the "opening of the ball"—as they used to say in the army; when you attend Mrs. Smith's *soirees* and find all the world in town; when you enjoy the theatres, relish your hash, and when, in short, you have a smashing time generally.

Peace (we should) call her "white-winged goddess," but so much ink has been slung at her white wings that they must be black by this time), Peace, we say, is fairly established, and plenty smiles at our groaning board. (This gratuitous puff to our landlady is a deserved tribute to her kindness in furnishing us with an extra ration of codfish and potatoes on Dec. 25th, Christmas day.)

It may not be generally known that we are private secretary to the Clerk of the Weather, and that we are enabled to state by special authority that the weather will be colder for the next ninety days than it has been for the past nine months. Stick a pin there.

The Washington Cattle Show (called by the vulgar Congress) is not fairly in running order yet. Several entries from the South are still refused admission by the committee, on the ground that they broke away at one of the prior shows. There is a truly beautiful display of Northern bores, while bulls, and black sheep, and calves of goodly proportion have a prominent place in this animal show. The name of the most popular animal entered is Do Little;—

"'Twas not his statute made him great,
But greatness of his name."

The holidays are upon us. Last year we were requested by a Mexican Count who roomed with us to hang up our stockings. With visions of Christmas gifts, *ad infinitum*, from his Countness, we complied. Fancy our pheelinks next morning when we discovered that the miserable fellow had mizzled and taken with him our last pair of socks. We have laid the facts in the case before GEN. LOGAN, with the request that when he goes to Mexico he will demand indemnification of MAX. & CO., "or any other man." We shall not repeat the experiment this year.

The Fenians are having lively work in this city, while the unfortunate ones in the 'old country" are having "the most distressful times that ever yet was seen." Some inconsiderate people intimate that if the home circle don't stop their wrangling, the whole concern will be squelched from centre to circumference. Guess the inconsiderate people are right about the Fenians at home, for

They've been writing and fighting, indicting and slighting,
And roaring and boring, their anger ou'pouring,
Tearing and swearing, and pretty tale-bearing,
Mussing and fussing, and possibly cussing,
Shying and prying, and *some*.ne's been lying—
Perhaps it's O'Brying—
Dashing and splashing and lashing and flashing,
Cheering and peering and leering and sneering,
Rating, debating, and some nearly bating,
Accusing, excusing, and roundly abusing,
Their tempers' all losing—immensely amusing—
And speaking and sneaking, and all the time seeking
To kick up a bobbery
All about snobbery,
Some call it jobbery,
Others say robbery,
And kicking up row enough, 'tween me and you,
To shock the remains of old Brian Boru!

"Oily Gammon" and the "Buffoon of the Ring"—as Max Maretzek and Jeems Gordon Bennett are now christened—have had another shy at each other, "Oily" getting his opponent's nob in chancery, and rattling his one-two upon it without the least remorse; while the "Buffoon" cut up all sorts of shindies in order to escape the terrific sockdolagers which his greasy friend lavished upon his near canister, and from whose firm grip, the jester says: "Ne'er can I stir!" They *do* say that the cannie clown is tired of the fight, and would willingly cry, "I'm sick, send for McManus;" but that the 'Oily" chap rather likes the fun, and wishes to prolong the show for the amusement of "a large and appreciative audience."

Now war is declared—let it be to the knife;
Come, bully boys all, enjoy this huge strife—
Run, fetch your stuff'd clubs, and loud praises sing
Of the fight between Oily and the Clown of the Ring.

ON DANCING.

The marvellous Periot—pearl of male dancers, and partner of Taglioni—was one of the most ungainly men off the stage it is possible to conceive of. Ugly, crabbed, crooked, it was impossible to imagine how such a man could delight a fashionable audience by his superlative skill in the most difficult of exercises. But look at Periot on the stage! His form appears to have been rejuvenated, his limbs dovetailed, as it were, into one another in poetic motion; and, Autœus-like, every time his foot touches the ground he appears to receive fresh inspiration.

Doctor Johnson, who was specially fond of arraying himself in argument against the whole force of public opinion, said that male dancing was a practice which should never be encouraged because it was an exercise which was never accomplished well. Later, the crusty old Doctor's *dictum* has been endorsed by no less an authority than that of Mr. Benjamin Webster, who declares that, as a manager, he is opposed to the engagement of male dancers, because "their legs don't draw." But, after all, why should not dancing on the stage be considered in the same light as off the stage? In private life a gentleman who does not dance—and especially should he oppose to this drawback the qualification of being a marriageable man—is a man to be shunned by the fairer portion of the community; one at whom the pretty little forefingers of the ladies are to be pointed as a booby and a great blundering elephant, and the cause of much tittering and comparing of notes which may or may not be directed against certain points of his personal appearance.

Of the stage dancing of females we shall say nothing; we know too little about the "ballonnee" and the "tacquete," of the different styles of Taglioni and Fanny Elsler, to warrant us in assuming any authority on the subject. But the fashionable dancing of private life, it appears to us, can be divided into two or three distinct sections. First, there is the grave style of dancing; going through a minuet as though you were following a funeral. This style, with all its minute points of punctilio, has a code of laws which properly belongs to the days of pointlace, peruke, and the wearing of side arms. The object, perhaps, of the gravity and carefulness of the style was intended as a prevention against the sword getting between the legs of the gentleman and thereby endangering his safety and the grace of the "set." Nevertheless it has been handed down to us, like many other useless things, by our progenitors, and you may find the grave style of dancing still sustained in certain grave circles.

Then there is the impulsive, or erratic style of dancing—the style which is in vogue, *par excellence*, at those enjoyable youthful *re-unions*, birthday parties. The main feature of this style of dancing is the capturing of your partner, by a dexterous flank movement, and twirling him round with such violence that, should he happen to be a nervous young man, his spectacles will dance up and down his face, his nerves will be completely shattered, he will gasp for breath, and proceed to his seat engaged in a bewildering calculation as to where he is.

At this season of the year dancing is every where the order of the evening, and, notwithstanding the introduction of the two styles above named, we confidently assert that it is pre-eminently an exercise fitted for the enjoyment of the young.

SKATING.—The two or three cold days which closed the past week gave promise of plenty of ice for skating purposes; but the frost of Saturday was succeeded by a fall of "the beautiful snow" on Sunday morning, and this was followed by a drenching rain, so that the long-looked-for skating term is again deferred "to a more fitting opportunity." At the present writing, Dec. 25th, the sky is cloudless, the atmosphere warm for the season, and pondkeepers and skatesellers look as blue as the sky above them, and as disappointed as stuck poultry dealers. Never mind, Jack Frost will soon come again, and the many disappointments we have endured will enable us to enjoy the sport of skating the more when ice does make, and "the ball is up."

CHRISTMAS, 1865.—We write this on Christmas morning, as the sun shines brightly on this wicked city, and the bells are ringing their Christmas chimes. What a change from yesterday, when snow, and rain, and howling winds made the city look as gloomy as a funny clown. New York went to bed last night in the sulks; New York awoke this morning all smiles and sunshine. May all mankind enjoy the day in happiness and good will.

PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL SCULLING MATCH.

Hamill's Reply to Kelly.

HE WILL ROW THE ENGLISH CHAMPION IN ENGLAND.

A week or two since a card appeared in our columns signed by Jas. Kelly, champion sculler of England, the same being a reply to Hamill's challenge. Kelly, it will be remembered, refused to row in this country, but offered Hamill £100 to pull the proposed match in England, over the course on the river Thames. We have this day, Dec 25th, received the American champion's rejoinder, in which he expresses his willingness to meet Kelly in England on the terms offered by Kelly, with the exception that he, Hamill, shall have the privilege of choosing the course over which the race shall be rowed, after his, Hamill's, arrival in England. Nothing could be fairer, and if Kelly refuses to accede to this proviso on the part of the American, the people on both sides of the Atlantic will very naturally infer that Kelly fears to meet the American, even on English waters. The following is Hamill's acceptance of the British champion's offer:—

CARD.
PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 22, 1865.

FRIEND QUEEN—I see by last week's CLIPPER that Mr. Kelly, the champion sculler of England, has refused to row me on equal terms. I have asked nothing from him that I am not willing to allow. Mr. Kelly and his friends claim that he is champion sculler of the world. I offer to row him in this country for that title on fair terms. He declines. Mr. Kelly and his friends claim that he is champion of England; I offer to row him in England on some river that we both would have a fair chance on. Mr. Kelly declines that offer also, and in his last card says that if I don't accept his offer to row on the Thames, and opposite his "Drum," as the *Sporting Life* calls his place of business, he, Kelly, will take no further notice of anything in the challenge line coming from me. There's a conclusion, Mr. Editor, for the Champion of England and the rest of the world to come to. Mr. Kelly should travel a little from Putney, mix with the world outside of that locality, and he would have a more correct conception of what is required of a man that claims to be champion of the world and England, too. But to show Mr. Kelly and his friends that I mean business, if he will allow me to choose a course after arriving in England, *I will row him the two races for the amounts and distances he specifies* in his card, and will accept the hundred pounds to go there; and I will further agree if I am successful in beating him, *to row him a five mile race over his favorite course at London!* Should Mr. Kelly not agree to this fair offer, I will conclude he does not wish to row me on fair terms, and I authorise you to offer my former challenge to any bolder Briton, or, as we say in this country, some 'Spunkier Englishman," who has a more correct notion of what is expected of those claiming the championship. As you know, Mr. Editor, that my object in seeking a friendly trial of muscle and skill is not to make money, but to test our system of rowing against the English system, there should be no hard feelings on the other side of the ocean, for if the affair could not come off pleasantly for all the parties concerned, I would prefer that there should be no race whatever. In hopes that Mr. Kelly will agree to the very fair offer I propose, I remain yours respectfully,
JAMES HAMILL, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PARADE OF THE NEW FIRE DEPARTMENT.—This event, which took place on the 20th inst., was a marked success. The force was not numerous, but their appearance made ample amends for any lack of numbers. The new fire laddies were attired in dark coats and pants, New York fire hats, and looked splendid. The various "masheens," as we call them here, were also well up, and shone with brilliancy. Some of the spectators of the procession attempted to be facetious at the expense of the new department, but it was evident that the outsiders envied the boys their "posish" in the new regime.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The attention of sportsmen is hereby called to an advertisement in another column concerning fishing and shooting grounds.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

FAYETTE LODAVICK ROBINSON.

This live showman—more popularly known as "Yankee Robinson"—is a direct lineal descendant of Dr. Robinson, the eminent divine who came to this country in the "May Flower." He was born near Avon Mineral Spring, Livingston county, N. Y., May 2d, 1818. At fourteen years of age he commenced work with his father at shoemaking, in West Richmond, Ontario county, N. Y. Commenced his career in the show business with Old Sickles' Show, as follows: The show was on a visit to his town, and having to make a stand the next day and not having teams enough to get through the muddy roads, the Yank was hired as a boy to ride a horse that was put on the lead of a team, and at the end of his journey was paid a shilling. He made his first appearance on any stage, at a school exhibition in his native town, as Jonathan Doolittle in the play of "A Yankee in England." In 1837 he went to Medina, Mich., built a shop and carried on the business of shoemaker with great encouragement. At the end of a year he returned home and was married, and a few months after his wife died. We next find him on a traveling tour for a few months, bringing up at Danville, N. Y., where he again embarked extensively in the shoe trade, and where he married again, but still the fever raged for show business. In August, 1845, he concluded to try his fortune by commencing at the lowest round in the ladder. He started with a one horse wagon and the scriptural paintings by S. C. Jones of the "Raising of Lazarus" and the "Baptism of Christ," which was a total failure. In December following he found himself in St. Louis, Mo., where he made his first and only appearance in tragedy as Radcliffe in "Richard the Third," under the management of Mormon Adams, in a hall corner of Third and Pine streets. To use his own words "it was the teetotalist failure on record." In the February following he organised a band of minstrels known as "The Virginia Serenaders," thinking he had talent in that line. He played a short engagement at Madame Tieman's Theatre, Main street, and appeared as Lucy Long, which was as great a success as Radcliffe was a failure. He traveled in Illinois and Wisconsin with his band, meeting with success, as his wench business was pretty good. While in Galena one day, a party made him an offer to trade a store for his show, and in a few minutes we find our hero behind the counter, and his team, &c., in other hands. During the summer, June and Turner's Circus visited Galena for four days, and when June heard of Robinson he called on him, when it was agreed he was to appear on trial, and if he made a hit, certain terms were to be given him to travel. The hit was made, and he remained with the company two seasons. The winter between he put in at Rockwell's Amphitheatre, Cincinnati. In the winter of 1847-8, he taught dancing in Hannibal, Ohio, and vicinity, and the next May organized a Room Show at Eaton, Preble county, Ohio. His wife, who assisted afterwards, made her mark in general chambermaids and particularly Yankee gals. He traveled under the title of the "Robinson Family," playing farces, singing quartets, comic songs, &c. He made his mark in localizing Yankee stories, in which he has few equals. Finding business increasing, he engaged more people, till halls (in those days) would not accommodate his troupe or audiences. He then made a tent with his own hands, at Rock Island, Illinois, and started the "Robinson Athenæum," playing the "Drunkard" and like pieces, and as each tent was worn out its successor would be much larger. He finally broke up at Indianapolis, and established the first permanent theatre there, playing in winter, and traveling with a canvass in the summer. He has been extensively engaged since in circuses and animal shows. While in Columbia, S. C., in 1859, his wife died, and for a time our hero was nearly broken up; but the indomitable spirit broke forth anew, and success was varied for a few years. He made his first appearance as a star at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., in 1862. He is now proprietor of a large traveling circus company called "Nine Shows in One."

THE OLD SHOWMAN.—The first appearance of "Richardson's Show" was at Bartlemy Fair, in 1796. At that time the traveling showmen (we speak of theatrical showmen, and simply showmen) *et pratera nihil*—were common sort of fellows, for whom the vagabond life they led may have been the best fitted. But it would be wrong to suppose that this was always the case, or that, till within a few years before the period we are speaking of, the fact of keeping a theatrical booth was thought degrading by the profession. During the first three-quarters of the last century it was usual for players holding good positions at one or other of the patent theatres, to open a booth in Smithfield, in Bartlemy Fair time. It was when this generation of showmen had passed away that Richardson made his bow at Smithfield. His stage and theatrical fittings were at first of a very rude character. The first floor of a public house was turned into a theatre, and the platform or parade, which was fitted up outside the window, formed an arch over the stalls of the sellers of ginger-bread, nuts and friedfish, which stood below. The audience had to reach the theatre by means of a ladder communicating from the platform to the fair. Twenty-one times a day were the unlucky performers called upon to go through their parts. The audiences were not very fastidious, and so long as they had a broadsword combat and a ghost, the actors were at liberty to play all sorts of tricks with the drama. The length of the performance was usually regulated by the number of people waiting to enter the show. When it was thought that there was a sufficient quantity of visitors outside to form another audience, some one would be sent in to inquire in a loud voice if John Audley were there. This was a signal to the actors to cut the piece short; and to abridge a performance is very commonly called to "John Audley" it. This trick was first practiced by Shuter at his booth in 1739. Whatever may have been the cause, it is certain that at first curses loud, deep, and comprehensive as that of Ernulphus, were heard from Richardson's retreating patrons; but it was not long before he installed himself in popular favor. The performances of Bartlemy were repeated at Edmonton and other places, and at the end of the year our showman found himself the possessor of a good sum of money. With this he built himself two or three caravans ("carryvans" was his pronunciation), in which he could convey his company and properties from one place to another. This enterprise, however, proved unfortunate, and Richardson not only lost all his money, but became involved in difficulties. His good luck soon returned to him, and his show became one of the principal features of many of the fairs of the kingdom—Bartlemy and Greenwich being his head quarters—but it was not until after many years and many hardships that he was enabled to give his show that appearance of splendor which we were accustomed to associate with it in our younger days.—*Cornhill (Eng.) Magazine.*

RAFFLE.—Those of our sporting readers who can appreciate the glorious fun and other pleasurable things incidental to gliding over the sparkling snow, ensconced beneath a pile of buffalo robes, with the "only girl that ever I loved" by their side, have an opportunity of getting a splendid turn-out dog-cheap, by making themselves visible at Harry Hill's far famed estab., the "Exchange," on or about the 1st proximo. A raffle is to take place for two long-tailed bay ponies, aged 5 and 6 years, good speed, and a four-seated park phaeton, almost new, with double harness, blankets, and everything complete, the whole valued at $750. One hundred and fifty chances will be disposed of at $5 per chance, which affords an excellent opportunity for some festive cuss to put on style with trifling expenditure. As the conditions governing the raffle are that the winner and setter-up shall each expend a fifty dollar green back, a lively time may be anticipated.

A CHRISTMAS RETROSPECT.

The Clipper and its Patrons.

Now jolly King Christmas has come once again,
I think you'll agree with me that it's quite plain,
We should all, far and near,
Have the season's good cheer,
And show that its jollity's not on the wane.
We welcome King Christmas with heartiest glee—
No potentate, surely, so welcome as he—
And I in the CLIPPER,
By leave of the skipper,
Shall make you a rhyme out of pure jollity!

Just look at our pages,
Theatrical sages,
You sports of the cities,
Compilers of cities,
And say if you've ever before seen the like;
You cannot deny it,
(You don't mean to try it)—
If you did, we defy it,
For all of you buy it!—
That the CLIPPER's the sheet for Dick, Harry, and Mike.

Only look at our bills of the play,
The theatrical news of the day,
The joking, fun-poking, and laughter-provoking,
The merry reporting, the ways of the sporting,
The newest thing out—the last fisticuff bout,—
The skating and *feting*, the prating and mating,—
The dancing and prancing and pure necromancing—
The racing and pacing and tracing and bracing—
And the curious thing of it all you will say
Is the singular fact, you've but Ten Cents to pay!
While to heighten the joke the chief ruler's a *Queen*
As *Frank* and impartial as ever was seen!

Here, you see,
N. Y. C.,
Which is acknowledged to be
The first sporting journal in Amerikay!
Let us look at its store
Of every-day lore,
And see if we can't find a fact or two more
Than we already know—
And if not, then why lo!
We must be a peripatetic book-store!

Here's Barnum, with his wonderful monstrosities,
The circusses with their new-found velocities,
Here's Niblo's, which to night will see a cram,
The Broadway, too, with Everlasting Sam!
The Winter Garden and that funny Clarke,
Or the minstrels, if you want a good lark.
New Bowery, too, which all the time is filled,
And Tony Pastor, who can *not* be stilled.
There's likewise Wood's, where, if you want a ditty,
You'll hear one that you can't beat in the city.
And if at the Olympic you don't like the witty,
Why then all we can say is "More's the pity!"

And how about the famed 444—
Where you can find amusement choice in store?
While if, amongst it all, some fun too cool is,
Just cross the Ferry, and drop in at Hooley's!

Then there's Fay
With a ray
Of the light of day,
Who spirits the Davenport Brothers away!

And ha! Why here's our old friend Ward—
(Artemus, you know, my dear). His board
Is all alive with specialities—
Real and comic Mormonite realities.
Before he dares his treasure to embark
He'll set again in York, "A. Ward, his mark."

These are a few
Of the motley crew
Of amusements the CLIPPER announces to you!

Then turn your eyes to another page
Where are letters from people of every age—
Some inviting,
Some delighting,
Some indicting,
Some inciting,
Some returning,
Others spurning,
Some just learning
To be yearning—
And many are wanting to go on the stage.
Managers seeking a property-man,
Actors and actresses forming a plan,
Each one is striving,
Some are arriving,
Others departing with dash and *elan!*
Letters awaiting,
The paper so stating,
Billets-doux sweet for that nice leading-man!

Chambermaids changing,
Cartes are exchanging,
Three-cornered notes for Blanche, Nelly, and Fan
But in case I am prying,
Or wrongly espying,
I'll finish this part with a portrait of Nan.

A face so fair,
A form so rare,
Ten thousand yards of crinoline;
An eye so bright,
A glove so tight,
Rosettes, and lace, and bandoline.

A foot so neat,
A look so sweet,
The latest 'aste in *moire antique*;
A hand so white,
A laugh so light,
A *tout ensemble* quite unique!

Miss Emelie Melville, "the pet of the stage,"
Is open for managers all to engage,
While a Washington manager—Mr. George Lea—
Is in want of an agent who is gentlemanly.
Then an anonymous writer, from this office dating,
Wants to share with another in a company taking.
There's Connor and Ford, theatrical agents,
Who help to make up our every-day pageants;
Harrison, poet and humorous vocalist,
Will also be found, large as life, in our local list.
While Billy M'Cracken—look slippy, my hearty,
You're wanted at Syracuse to make up a party.
Winslow and Co., are in want of a lady
Who can take leading parts in a play or comedy.

Carlo Morl, the eminent tenor, also
Is open to sing. Address, St. Louis, Mo.
Just send a small note here for young Charlie Sweet,
If you want a wench dancer both lithesome and neat.
Or another to Plunkett, Fort Wayne, Indiana,
If you want his large hall for a show or "pihanner."
While Rogers' theatre, Newbern, N. C.,
Is now in full tide of success, you will see.
Ha! ha! here's the fat 'un, bold Griswold you'll see
Is now scouring the West with his Hun-ki-do-ri!
Then there's Jackson's Hall, which is "not too large by twice,
Is central in location, and moderate in price."
Here's an item of interest for every reciter—
The line of Saul Sertrew, the gifted song writer.

Up to January 7—the notice is scanty—
You can hear in the CLIPPER of Ivery Lanty.
Clowns, jokers, are wanted by Lipman and Co.;
You can rent a good house cheap

THE TRIGGER.

Sporting.—A Rare Chance.

A fine property, consisting of a large and well finished house, and three hundred acres of land, lying on the Chesapeake Bay, nearly surrounded by water, with the finest fishing grounds, and abundance of game, oysters, crabs, etc., to be found around it, is now offered for sale if applied for soon.

This is a very desirable opportunity for a sporting club.

Address, by letter,
E. FIELD,
38-1t* Box 1059, P. O., New York.

PIGEON SHOOTING CONTEST.

BETWEEN WILLIAM SEEDS, THE "JERSEY BOY," AND JOHN TAYLOR,

FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A SIDE.

John Taylor, of Jersey City, who fairly won and for a long time has proudly but modestly worn the enviable title of "Champion Pigeon Shot of America," and his old antagonist, William Seeds, of Newark, whose admirers delight in styling him the "Jersey Boy," met, as they have often met before, in another trial of skill, "on the plains of Jersey, O," Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 18th and 19th. Subsequent to their last meeting, in November, the friends of Seeds thinking he was not beaten on his merits, and possessing unwavering confidence in his superior abilities, arranged a brace of fresh matches for the purpose of testing the correctness of their convictions, said matches to be for a similar amount, and to be governed by the same conditions as those controlling the two previous encounters, viz:—first match, to shoot with 1¼ ounce shot at 50 double birds, 18 yards rise, 100 yards boundary, for $500 a side; second match, to shoot with 1¼ ounce shot at 100 single birds, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, for a similar amount. The notoriety of the principals and their well-known reputation as A No. 1 marksmen, caused the liveliest interest to be taken in the matter by the devotees of the trigger. On the morning of the 18th inst. there was a strong muster of the partisans of the men at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, and considerable speculation indulged in, mostly at evens, neither party evincing an inclination to offer odds. At eleven o'clock the sports commenced to wend their way to the trysting spot—Greenville—distant about four miles from Jersey City. Some sped along in flashy looking turn outs, others took the "dummy," which passes a few hundred yards from the shooting ground, while many, economically inclined, or who wished to avoid the "scrouging" to which the dummyites were subjected, ploughed patiently along by means of Dame Nature's propellers through the liquid seas of yellow mud for which that sweet potato producing country is so famous. By the time announced for the opening of the engagement a large concourse of spectators had congregated upon the ground, notwithstanding the weather was anything but inviting to lovers of out-door exercise, being bleak, gloomy and cheerless, with sombre, threatening masses of clouds overhead, and mud and slush underfoot. This unfavorable state of the weather was very beneficial to the proprietars of the miniature saloons and restaurants upon the ground, however, as it rendered the demand for "red hot stews" and "invigorating cordials" much greater than under ordinary circumstances. The heaviness of the atmosphere also interfered materially with the efforts of the "shooters" to "do their puttiest," as the non-dispersion of the smoke after discharging the first barrel prevented the obtaining of an accurate aim. Seeds commenced at one o'clock by missing one of his first and killing the second pair; he missed one of his third and dropped the three succeeding couple; he allowed both of the seventh pair to escape and pinked the following three brace; he missed one each of his eleventh and twelfth, and brought down the five succeeding pair in admirable style; he missed one of his eighteenth and killed the next four couple; he missed one each of his twenty-third, twenty-eighth, thirty-first, thirty-fourth, thirty-seventh, thirty-eighth, forty-first, and forty fourth pair, and killed the remainder, leaving his score at this point as follows:—killed 79 out of 94; missed 15. Taylor commenced by bringing down his first three pair in good shape, cheering the hearts of his backers by this promising beginning. He missed both of his fourth, sixth and seventh, one each of his eleventh, thirteenth, fifteenth, seventeenth, twentieth, twenty-first and twenty-third, both of his twenty-fourth and forty-third, and one each of his twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, thirtieth, thirty-second, thirty-fifth, thirty-ninth, fortieth, forty-second, forty-sixth and forth-seventh pair, and killing the balance, leaving his score as follows:—killed 67 out of 94; missed 27. Having no chance left to either win or tie, Taylor gave up the contest in the 47th round. Seeds' splendid shooting was the subject of universal remark, as was likewise the inferiority of that of the champion as contrasted with his previous performances. Annexed is the score:—

Seeds—10, 11, 01, 11, 11, 11, 00, 11, 11, 11. 10, 10, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 10 11, 11, 11, 11, 01, 11, 11, 01, 11, 11, 10, 11, 11, 10, 10, 11, 11, 10, 11, 11, 10, 11, 11. 10, 11, 11, 11.—Total, 79 out of 94.

Taylor—11, 11, 01, 00, 11, 00, 00, 11, 11, 11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10, 10, 11, 10, 00, 11, 11, 10, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 11, 10, 11, 10, 11, 10, 00, 11, 11, 10, 10.—Total, 67 out of 94.

SECOND DAY'S SHOOTING.

The detestable weather with which we were favored on the second day of the double match, proved that the capricious and often anathematized individual who has the supervision of that important matter, was no patron of the pleasurable sport of pigeon shooting. He seemed determined to place an embargo on the progress of the match, and to this end sent down a pretty lively fall of snow on the night of the 18th, which he allowed to cover the ground to the depth of an inch, when he brought the heating apparatus into play, causing a thaw to set in, and when we arose from our virtuous four-poster next morning, we found the snow converted into slush, and, to add to the discomfort of pedestrians, a drizzling rain falling. 'Twas precisely the state of weather designed to produce the "blue devils" in their most malignant form, and certainly more suggestive of the pleasure to be derived from settling down in a cosy back parlor to a quiet game of cribbage or old sledge with occasional imbibations of smoking "poteen" to keep out the damp and enliven one's ideas, than calculated to fill his "manly bosom" with enthusiasm over outdoor pastimes. Despite this frowning aspect, however, a large delegation of jovial sports rallied at Taylor's Hotel, determined to brave the elements, and be "in at the death," the result of the first match having had the effect of lending additional interest to the coming encounter. Betting was quite lively, Seeds having the first choice, and the friends of Taylor eagerly accepting the odds offered by the backers of the "Boy." Fortunately the rain ceased before the time announced for the sport to commence, and the attendance was much larger than on the day previous. The weather had moderated greatly, but the melting snow was rather severe upon the pedal extremities of those present, who were compelled to execute the Indian "war dance" (minus Kehoe's famous clubs) and imbibe sundry warm decoctions in order to preserve their "poor feet" in a comfortable condition. Ira Paine was chosen umpire for Seeds, and Jno. Midmer for Taylor; the same gentleman occupied these positions in the first match. All the necessary preparations having been made, the ball was set in motion by the Newark representative, who made a fine commencement by killing the first four and missing the fifth bird; he killed the next eleven and missed the seventeenth; he dropped the following four, and shot wide of the twenty second; he then killed eight in succession, missing the twenty-first; he brought down the next two, missed the thirty-fourth, killed two, failed in the thirty-seventh, and astonished everybody by bringing down, in magnificent style, *fifty-two birds in succession!* he missed the ninetieth and killed the ninety-first, making his score—killed 84 out of 91; missed 7. Taylor began by allowing his first bird to "soar aloft," unharmed, which ill omen was greeted with ironical applause by the Seeds faction. He killed the three following birds, missed the fifth, twelfth, twenty eighth, thirtieth, fortieth, forty-third, forty-sixth, fifty-ninth, sixty-first, sixty-eighth, sixty-ninth, seventy ninth, eightieth, eighty-seventh and eighty-eighth birds; killing the balance, leaving his score—killed 76 out of 91, missed 15, at which point he resigned the contest, it being impossible for him to overtake his antagonist. The shooting of the "Jersey Boy" was remarkably fine, excelling any of his former efforts, and rendering the claims of his admirers that he is the best pigeon shot in the country no idle boast.

If any one feels disposed to question the fact, let him speak out, and the "Boy's" friends will support their assertions by the necessary display of stamps. Taylor appeared flurried and nervous, and in comparison with his past record, gave a very unsatisfactory account of himself. His largest string was fifteen. We append the full score:—

Seeds—1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

"THE OUTCAST."

Criticism on a New Sensation "Play."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY SOCK AND BUSKIN.

Of the many beautiful plays which have been presented to the public, or rather which we, the Baltimore public, have had the pleasure of witnessing, none, perhaps, deserve more attention than the last sensation of Miss Maggie Mitchell. Words are inadequate to properly express the effect which so highly a wrought play produced upon the imagination, and through it upon the feelings of the audience; to say that they were enchained, or entranced, is to speak too feebly and lightly of its magical effect. Its reception was alike flattering to the author and the artiste.

Happily, we were in a measure prepared for it; large posters, conspicuously placed through the various thoroughfares and avenues of the city, heralded its triumphal advent, and proclaimed its overwhelming power, well knowing that it was but to be seen to be admired.

Happy the man whose fertile brain could conceive so sublime a drama, one that presents such vivid and life-like portraitures of fallen humanity, one whose composition rivals that of the inspired writers, one in which the imagination, disdaining to grovel continually amid the dry and common-place things of earth, occasionally soars aloft and roams amid the ethereal beauties of the poet's ideal, one whose language is so select and appropriate, forcing one to admit its near semblance to reality, but yet its tone, now and then bursting forth in all the passionate eloquence of oppressed love, betrayed the intellectual brain that gave it birth. And then the plot, so happily conceived and so appropriately clad with its vestments of incidents and dialogues, "worming" its way through the huge pile of words and scenes, presented something truly 'harrowin." All in all, it cannot but be acknowledged that it is "THE MASTERPIECE OF FICTION."

> Well may *Shakespeare* hide his head,
> And shut his glories in,
> For Schonberg now to fame is wed,
> His "Outcast" "takes us in."

We have heard (but of course do not believe it) that Maggie intends giving up the "Pearl of Savoy" and "Fanchon" and playing the "Outcast" in their stead. No doubt she can "run" it for a long time and draw crowded houses, for there is no comparison between the former and the latter. Any one can play the "Pearl of Savoy" or "Fanchon," but it takes an artiste—and she must have superior order of merit—to play the difficult character of ANNA, the Outcast. Another thing, the former two cannot lay any claim to merit, while the latter is perfection itself. Her numerous friends here congratulate her on this last addition to her *repertoire*. We take the liberty of giving a synopsis of "the sublime drama," entitled "The Outcast:"

ACT I.—SCENE 1.—*The Sunnydale Farm.*

The "mansion," which "greets our enraptured view" in this scene, is the body of an old omnibus placed upon stilts, with a very large fireboard having a very massive tunneled bridge for its design, leaning against the props to the 'bus. (This is to present a solid foundation to the house.) Instead of the names of the various places where the 'bus used to go, are the words, "As now, so was it ever." (This was intended to take away the suspicion about its once being used as a 'bus, but it was no go.)

Standing upon "the beautiful green lawn" in front of the "mansion" was a table, around which were seated the future hopes of the American stage. These artists were supposed to be servants in the employ of the widow Monica. They were eating their "evening repast." (The table used in this scene was a cot formerly used in a hospital by a sick soldier, but which was borrowed for the occasion from the Medical surveyor.) After some highly interesting conversation by the servants, Widow Monica invited an old person to go up in the mansion and take a glass of beer with her; he told her he made it a point never to refuse, and she two then went into the 'Bus, he to drink his lager, and she to entertain him with her agreeable conversation. I happened to look at my watch when she commenced; it was eight o'clock precisely, and she spoke until five minutes after nine without interruption. The audience, during the delivery of this classic literature, sat as if spell bound, and were of course unable to applaud. Only two or three could not see the great and inherent beauty of this gem of all compositions. One was reading the President's Message, another was reading a ten cent novel, glorying in the title of "Squint-Eyed Robert, or the Diabolical Revenge of a Fair and Tender Maiden only Eighteen Summers Old."

The piece was irresistibly charming; such touching pathos, burning words, &c., almost overcame me. Monica was quite overcome by the time she got through with all she had to say. Anna now appears, and said she wanted something to eat and a bed; Monica (who kept an open house) told her all right, and it should not cost her a cent. A servant then very politely informed the aforesaid Monica that there would not be the slightest difficulty in getting a full house on such terms. The widow asked her if she really thought so or was she joking. Anna sat down to the table, but spoke not a word, and because she was asked how she was and where she came from, got very angry and arose, saying, "I am going far away." Great inducements were offered and she staid.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.—*The Barn.*

This act was set apart by the author to display his great character, Mathias. Mathias was a good looking young man, and would take a fine picture; and, from his looks, anything else he could get his paws on. Two gents behind me were disputing as to whether the author intended this character to be like Macbeth or Bill Sykes. A third one settled the dispute by saying it was like Hamlet in his soliloquy.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.—*The Mountain Dairy.*

This house was an old watchbox, which was sold by the city authorities when they did away with them. I am informed that it was bought cheap. The scenery which ravishes the eye in this act is grand. In fact, the *scenery* to be *seen* in this *scene* is of the highest order of *scenic* art. A rugged mountain rears aloft its snow-capped head, upon which is a cross made of clothes props, which were kindly loaned by a respectable lady of color in the washing business. Enter Anna, who tells Frances that she (Frances) must go down to the valley and get married. Exit Frances, singing "This is the way I long have sought, and mourned because I have found it not." Enter Valentine, who throws himself upon his knees, and declares his undying love for her (ANNA). This gent will take pupils who are about to propose. Terms easy. Anna says she left her diamond ring on the piano. Exit Anna, followed by Valentine. As he leaves the stage he warbles forth in tones of dulcet sweetness, "Thou art so near and yet so far."

ACT IV.—*Chapel and Parsonage.*

The parsonage is a second hand grocery and "licker" store, "and all that sort of thing," so we are told by a pious young man, who certainly ought to run for a position in Sing Sing. When the preacher (a circuit one) is about; he sells religious books "and all that sort of thing," but when he is away he sells whiskey "and all *that* sort of thing."

The chapel was borrowed for the occasion from a gent in New York, who had it as a show house, with a Santa Claus getting down the chimney. (In the play S. Claus was left out, much to the disappointment and chagrin of the audience). Widow Monica and Anna quarrel about Valentine. He enters in the midst. The spectacle that now presents itself beggars all description. What punishment is there too severe for a man who won't marry a woman that he does not love and who was proposed to by the lady. Think of the lady's feelings "and all that sort of thing." Anna and Monica have a set-to *a la* Bowery style. Valentine is the very picture of agony itself, and has to take out his pipe and console himself. Seventeen policemen now showed themselves in the audience that there presence might check any demonstration that should be made against the cruel deceiver, Valentine. This was the "harrowinest" scene of all.

ACT V.—*At Peace. The Mountain Dairy.*

The old watch box again. Anna converses with Matthias, during which she recites one of Jack Sheppard's exploits, which throws Mathias off his guard; he tells her he is the cause of her misfortune, when she insists on his letting her carry him before outraged justice; he very respectfully, but positively, declined the generous offer which she would force upon him, and stated that he appreciated it all the same. He then walked up the rugged mountain, whistling, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," &c. He next, with his ruthless hand, dashed down the clothes props, mentioned in Act III., and let himself down by a hawser. The audience thought he had dashed himself down the precipice.

The curtain here drops for the last time on "the outcast," and we return home after spending one of the most agreeable evenings of our life.

EMBRYO MINSTRELS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY PHOENIX MCJACKLIN.

There was a jolly crowd seated around the parlor stove at Miss Hashjerker's boarding house one evening, having a glorious time, and it is questionable whether the little room had ever rung with a merrier or more noisy company, as Miss Hashjerker was a strict disciplinarian, and our present good fortune might be traced to Tom Alamode, the gayest boy of the party, and who, moreover, had a winning way of talking to the ladies. Tom had gained Miss Hashjerker's consent to this desecration of the abode of good order, because the lady, who was tall, thin and thirty, had formed the opinion that Tom was most desperately in love with her, while, to a disinterested observer, it was clearly evident that he was quizzing her in his off hand manner for the especial benefit and amusement of his boon companions and knights of the flowing bowl.

The meeting was for the getting up of an amateur entertainment of some kind, the exact character of which the distinguished debaters had not yet decided.

"My voice is still for theatricals," said a little fellow who had been drinking punch all the evening in one corner of the room; "we can play Camille, with Miss Hashjerker in the principal *role*; it would be a good idea to wrap her up in swaddling clothes in the first act, and then to take them off gradually, so that when she comes to the dying scene she'll bring down the house."

"Hush!" said Tom, "she might hear us, and that would lay a damper on all of our fun."

"That's a healthy plan," said Bill Hotong, a young collegian, "but I'd rather see her in the French Spy or Mazep, she'd look splendid in flesh colored tights."

"That wont do" chimed in a young scribbler for one of the daily papers; "I'll write a play for the occasion and give you all leading parts, although a more anti histrionic set of guzzlers I never beheld before."

"And have a ballet between the last acts; I hear Miss Hashjerker used to attempt the Highland Fling in her youthful days," exclaimed the collegian.

"It must have been a hefty performance," said the young man in the corner.

"I'll tell you what to do," said a fellow named McGregor, "let us perform Macbeth—I have an original idea that I could play the character up to the handle. Dont you think it would take, to act it with the Scotch dialect?"

"Well," said I, "as Tom Alamode will probably be manager, star, prompter, and occupy many other equally pleasant positions, I move that he be consulted in the matter. What do you think, Tom?"

"My opinion," said Tom, "is that theatrical blatherskite is too common; let us get up in the minstrel business; we can all torture some instrument. Hotong there can scrape a violin, at least he ought to, for we can all testify to his lengthy and incessant practice; Demijohn over there in the corner would look very pretty wrestling with a big bass viol; you, Mac, can tap the bones, and I flatter myself that my tambourine solo and Mississippi fling must be seen to be appreciated."

"Yes, and I'll dance a double clog hornpipe all alone," said Joe Punchglass, a big fellow too lazy for anything except perhaps a Hamiatter, "and as for the vocal part, I'll lay a wager that Ned St. Morency can warble 'Tramp, Tramp,' with any bootblack in Gotham; besides, with his aristocratic name and extraordinary musical abilities, he could win the ladies anyhow."

"Well, then, it's settled," said Tom, "and one week from today we will meet again, not like the witches in 'Macbeth,' for mischief, but for rehearsal. Now let the bowl pass round, and joy be unconfined."

During the succeeding week what troubles did we not have upon our minds! First, there were the cuts and posters to be furnished; and when for the first time I beheld my name in flaming capitals alongside of Tom Alamode's—the whole surmounted by a cut of a gigantic African, supposed to represent the funniest moments of that oppressed race, and the pleasure of knowing that we were "the two greatest comedians of the age," at least so the bills stated, and the knowledge of being in the distinguished company of "Mr. Edwin St. Morency, the Renowned Tenor;" "Frank Hotong, the Best Violinist Living," "Punchglass, the Champion Clog Dancer," and many other celebrities—is it strange that a glow of pride should rise in my breast as I passed through the streets and wondered that our light had not sooner burst forth upon the astonished world? But I had no time to linger on such pleasant thoughts, for there were the gags that had to be rehearsed between Alex. McGregor (whom we had pitched upon for middle man or interrogator), Tom Alamode, and myself; then to provide the instruments and wardrobe; make out the programme, and a host of other things that made me tremble every time I thought of them; but everything was fixed at last, and on the night of exhibition we were all trembling with excitement, and therefore found it necessary to imbibe sundry drinks in order to screw our courage up to the sticking point. Many were the peeps we cast from behind the curtain, and the full house that was assembling helped to revive our drooping spirits.

At length everything was in readiness, and as we marched on the stage and took our proper places, we inwardly congratulated ourselves upon our fine appearance, and mentally concluded that if we had not already struck the audience by such an array of talent, it would not take long to do so.

The overture was played in fine style (it was a little gem from the opera), except, perhaps, on the part of the bass-viol (Demijohn), and the triangle (Punchglass), who, in consequence of their unquenchable thirst for the demon drink, were, I am sorry to say, in a state of inebriation. There was also a slight discord from the quarter occupied by the guitar, which was played by St. Morency with a great deal of feeling, only that once in a while, forgetting perhaps that his instrument was not a banjo, he would run his hands across the strings in close proximity to the keys, similar to the manner in which players on the "old cremona" delight in doing.

Notwithstanding these slight drawbacks, the first part was a success; the funniments of the "end men," the comic songs, and especially the beautiful ballads by the accomplished St. Morency were duly applauded, and the audience seemed highly pleased. Next on the programme came the clog dance, and to do the fearless Punchglass justice, he endeavored to execute his threat of dancing a double clog dance to the best of his ability; Mr. Punchglass in his sober moments could have rattled off some pretty fine steps, but in his present condition he introduced some of the most difficult, and at the same time original movements that were ever honored with a place in the terpsichorean art. At one time he would lean against the side scenes, and then throwing himself high in the air, he would utter a yell equalled only by the grunt from the bass-viol handled by his friend and brother inebriate.

The audience had by this time become aware of the indicrous condition of affairs, and in consequence a peal of laughter arose from the assembly that threatened the foundation of the very walls. All the while Punchglass continued dancing, and he had just leaned up against the scenes in sheer exhaustion or else in preparation for another outburst, when Tom Alamode rushed out, and catching him in his arms, they both made an ignominious exit in the direction of the dressing room. Hastily locking the door on the ambitious Punchglass, Tom returned to the flies, leaving the clog dancer alone with his muddled thoughts. It required some of the best efforts of the other performers to remove the impression made by the unlucky Punchglass, and despite the numerous diabolical groans that Demijohn wrung from the bass viol, the audience, which had probably mistaken Punchglass' efforts as a new phase in minstrelsy, a Choctaw Negro, perhaps, were again charmed by the artistic renderings of the several acts. But it was destined that the fond hopes of seeing the remainder of the entertainment pass off in harmony was to be rudely destroyed, for while a scene was going on that did not require music, the adventurous Demijohn had stolen from his post and liberated his friend from the strong bolts of the dressing room.

This occurred very nearly at the end of the performance, there being only two more pieces, one Alamode's Mississippi fling, which it was fondly hoped would bring down the house; and the other, a splendid allegorical tableau, "The Future of our Country," that had been gotten up in magnificent style. There was to be the traditional Goddess of Liberty, Miss Hashjerker having kindly volunteered for the Goddess, besides two large stage cannon for firing a salute, any quantity of red light, and numerous other properties too tedious to mention.

At this time Alamode was standing in the flies, only waiting for Demijohn to make his appearance in the orchestra before he went on; but as a lengthy period elapsed without bringing the absent musician, he was forced to go on without him. He was received with tumultuous applause, and everything looked favorable, when, horror of horrors, the audience beheld the victorious generals, Demijohn and Punchglass, crawling down the stage on all fours, pushing large cannons before them. Poor Tom, unaware of the danger that threatened to annihilate him, was just about to execute his most brilliant step, when bang went the artillery, and one of the balls, which was something near a foot in diameter, laid the astonished Tom upon his back, while the other made sad havoc among the ladies of the audience. The infuriated monsters, now fully aroused, not deeming this satisfaction enough, rushed upon the helpless Alamode, each armed with a huge stuffed club, and the last thing seen by the audience before the curtain fell, was, instead of the allegorical tableau intended for their sight, the more striking and exciting ooze of the downfall of minstrelsy, encompassed by the aid of cannons and stuffed clubs. Thus was it that the world lost a host of talent, all of which may be ascribed to the bottle, but Demijohn and Punchglass still unequivocally assert that the sole cause of their unnatural frenzy arose from the pernicious habit of mixing such opposite materials as water and bad whiskey.

SPORTS ABROAD.

A GALLANT PRIZE RING ENCOUNTER IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., FOR $1000.

TOMMY CHANDLER DEFEATS BERNARD FARLEY, ALIAS THE WOONSOCKET BOY,

IN 19 ROUNDS IN 23 MINUTES.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEAR CLIPPER.—On the 23d inst., the lovers of manly sports had an opportunity of witnessing a sharp but short "mill" between Tommy Chandler and Bernard Farley, the "Woonsocket Boy." The fight was for $1,000, and took place at Lakeville, on Petaluma Creek, on the same ground that the Daly and Lazarus fight occurred about two years and a half ago. Chandler is a native of New York city, but has resided in California since he was fifteen years of age. He is now twenty-three. His record as a prize-fighter is very brief, this being his second encounter in the ring arena. His maiden effort was with Billy Dwyer, who sailed for Frisco last week, and eventuated at Angel Island, on which occasion, though disabled early in the fight, Tommy maintained the struggle for more than an hour, finally compelling the referee to make it a drawn battle. He was scarcely nineteen years old at the time, and his conduct in the ring was such as to win for him an excellent reputation for courage, science and endurance. He is finely developed, lithe, muscular and active. Barney Farley is, as his cognomen indicates, of Irish parentage, and was born at Woonsocket, R. I. By occupation he is a "gallant sailour boy," and has gained some reputation as a pedestrian. He is not as quick as his opponent, and when brought to the battle ground did not look in as good condition as he ought. His appearance indicated that his trainers had worked him too hard in order to reduce him to the weight required.

On the ground were a number of the old sports of New York. Among them were Bill Ladd, ex-Foreman of Engine Company 38, and the backer of Chandler, and James Farrell, the backer of Farley, Con Mooney, Bill Fairman, Jim Dennison, who never misses sport of any kind, Jim Malloy, one of the most liberal men when any of the sports are in trouble or sickness; the jocular mug of Larry Murray, Jim McAvoy, John Rice, Jim McCarty, and the gentlemanly young boxer, Billy McManus, and the portly form of Bill Blackwood, and last but not least, Paddy Slack, and the old veteran, Joe Winrow. For a wonder Tim McCarthy was not present, but as he was serving the country on that day (it being election day), he was excused; but, Timothy, never absent yourself again. After the ring was formed, the umpires, referee, and time keeper were chosen—Henry Lyons, umpire for Farley, and George Taylor for Chandler; Jack Mann was unanimously chosen referee, and very unwillingly accepted. James Hennessy was time keeper. Farley's colors were composed of a green square with a harp in the centre bordered with stripes of red, white and blue, with a star in each corner. Chandler's were three bars—red, white and blue, and a star in each corner. On stripping, Farley looked the more powerful man, his cheeks were ruddy, and he wore a confident grin and seemed as if he would win from sheer strength alone. Chandler was slim, but was in splendid condition. Johnny Walker and Scotty of Brooklyn, (Lieut. Brannagan), were seconds for Chandler, and Tom O'Donnell and Jerry O'Sullivan seconds for Farley. Just before the fight, Chandler stepped over to Farley's corner and offered to bet him $300, but the latter had only money enough to take $150 of it. Scotty then bet $160 and Bill Ladd $40. With these exceptions there was no betting after the men stripped. All things being in readiness, the principals with their seconds advanced from their corners and shook hands. Chandler having lost the toss stood with his face to the sun. On the seconds being asked if their men were ready and affirmatively answering, the time keeper at 3 o'clock called "time" for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On both men coming to the centre of the ring, Chandler appeared cool and collected, while Farley looked nervous and excited. Farley led off with his left and Chandler just outs and excited. Farley led off with his left and Chandler just outs and excited. Farley led off with his left and Chandler stepped back to avoid, not attempting to counter, apparently measuring his man; Farley again led, and again Chandler stepped back smiling, when Farley rushed in for close work and reached Chandler slightly on the mouth, when he was countered severely by Chandler on the chin, which took him off his feet, Chandler thereby winning the first knock down.

2. While Chandler was on his second's knee, Tom O'Donnell claimed "first blood" for Farley, saying that Chandler was bleeding at the mouth, but the latter shut his mouth and the claim was not decided. At the call of time Chandler was first to the centre, and having well measured his man in the previous round, commenced the offensive. He planted his left and right successively on the chin and left eye of Farley, which immediately commenced to swell, when they closed, broke away, and on coming together again Farley tried his right on Tommy's body, but caught a hot one on his nose, which sent the blood pouring, and caused Farley to put his hand to his nose to see if it was still there, and turning his back on Chandler, the latter followed him up, and Farley again faced him and tried for the body, but caught it again on the left eye and nose, but nothing daunted, rushed in and threw Chandler.

3. At the call of time both men came up promptly. Chandler, determined to lose no time, led off with his left, which Farley tried to dodge by ducking, but could not, catching it on the nose, Chandler following it up with his right on the left eye. Farley became absolutely bewildered, hitting at random and using no science whatever. He broke away and was followed up by Chandler, who used both his hands beautifully and fought him down. On Farley being carried to his corner his face presented a rueful aspect, his nose bleeding in streams and his left eye almost closed. It was evident that he had lost confidence, and was hopeless of winning.

4. Farley's seconds were as busy as bees, and had barely their man washed when time was called. Farley tried for Chandler's body with his left, but the latter stepped back again Farley tried for the body, and was met by a cross-counter on the sore eye, when they closed and Chandler was thrown. Farley having Chandler's nose in his right hand, looking as if he was gouging him, a foul was claimed by Scotty but not allowed.

5. Chandler, spry as a kitten, was first to the scratch, and went to work with a will, Farley nothing loth, when some light exchanges followed, Farley rushing in with his head down, when he was met by an upper cut which straightened him, but he succeeded in getting on C's chest, when they closed and Tommy was thrown, although Farley was much exhausted. They had been fighting seventeen minutes.

6. Chandler's seconds did not have much trouble with him; as usual he was the first to the centre. He went for Farley's nose, or as one of the bystanders observed, "his Beno," which was dodged by Farley, who rushed in and caught Chandler as if for the throw, and then slipped on his knees and held his head forward, thinking it would be too great a temptation for Tommy to refuse it, but the latter drew back his right and made a motion as if to strike, then shook his head, laughed, and walked to his corner.

7. Both considerably blown by the previous hard fighting; Farley, seeing his inferiority at in or out fighting, tried to disable Chandler by wrestling; when Walker, seeing Chandler struggling for the fall, said, "Tommy, go down," which he did gently and gracefully, Farley on top—a very harmless and gentlemanly round.

8. In this round Farley showed the first evidence of his knowing anything about boxing except receiving punishment. When they reached the score Chandler led off with his left, trying to reach Farley's nose, but was well stopped by the latter, who attempted to counter, but in turn was stopped by Chandler. Farley's left now visited Tommy's nose, which caused the ruby to flow freely, when they closed and Chandler was thrown.

9. Farley in this round made an effort to turn the tide, as Chandler was thus far unhurt, and looked as if he could fight for hours to come, while he himself had one eye closed and the blood coming very freely from his mouth and nose. Chandler got careless, thinking he had it all his own way from this time out, but Bernard unperceived him, when on getting in distance he let fly his left and landed a flush hit on Tommy's right eye and got away without a return, causing him to wink several times, and followed it up on his ribs, when they closed and Chandler was thrown.

10. Farley, elated from his success in the last round, went at Chandler boldly, when some rapid exchanges followed, Farley on the chin and mouth, and Chandler on the nose and right eye, when they closed and Chandler down.

11. Farley showed signs of weakness, and also a dislike to receive punishment; but was forced from the cries of his friends to go in. He got his left on the mark of Chandler, and in the close fell on his knees.

12. Chandler, as fresh as at the commencement, and more cool, and finding his mouth full of blood, turned his head to spit it out, when he received a splendid shot on his left eye from Farley, when they went at it right and left, and Chandler, seeing Farley making ready for a wicked shot, waited and steadied himself, and cross-countered him with his right on the left side of the face and knocked him clean off his feet. Immense cheering.

13. Farley presented a pitiable appearance, his face undistinguishable from blood, and his left eye closed, and doing no execution, but receiving terrible punishment. It is hard for him to reach the score, where he is met by Chandler, who uses his left and right without a return. Farley breaks away, but is followed by Tommy as perseveringly as Fate, and is knocked down by a right hander, falling against the ropes.

14. Farley very sick, and Chandler like a kitten. He followed Farley, and hit him almost whenever and wherever he pleased, and in getting away got over in Chandler's corner, where he was knocked down like a bullock. One of the outsiders here asked Scotty how he liked that style of Chandler's fighting, and he replied as amiably as a Sunday school teacher, "It is lovely fighting."

15. Sullivan and O'Donnell were as active as cats, and got their men ready, and at the call of time had the centre. Farley led off for the body, but there was no steam in his blows, or even direction. Chandler went after him again, and fought him all over the ring, using both his hands, and knocking Farley down in his (Chandler's) own corner.

16. Chandler waiting at the score. Farley delivered a feeble left-hander on Chandler's chin, then closed, and got down.

17. Farley almost used up, and tries to get a little breathing time, but Chandler forces the fighting, and after a few exchanges, Farley slips down in Tommy's corner. Time, twenty minutes.

18. Farley had to be carried to the centre, and gamely endeavored to stem the tide, but all to no purpose. Chandler goes after him, and hits him as he pleases, and Farley gets down.

19. Farley barely at the scratch in time. All his energies are devoted to getting out of the way of Chandler, who chases him up. Farley turns and endeavors to make fight in his corner, when Chandler, with a terrific right-hander on Farley's left cheek, between the nose and cheek bone, knocks him senseless.

At the call of time, Farley was still insensible, and Chandler was declared the winner. Time, twenty-three minutes.

Before time was called, Chandler, seeing the effects of his last blow, was about to shake hands and leave the ring with his friends, but Scotty, who had an eye to business, made him wait until time was called, and he then got out of the ring and jumped and capered as if he had not done any hard work for the last twenty-three minutes.

It was evident from the third round that Farley had no possible chance to win the fight. He would duck and dodge to avoid Chandler's blows, and when he succeeded he would get back and try the same thing over again, scarcely ever attempting to take advantage of his evasion by following Chandler up. Farley hits round and wild, and has no idea of time or distance, while Chandler hits straight and quick, and when he sees an opening, out goes his hands in an instant to take advantage of it.

Farley was anxious yesterday (28th) to make another match with Chandler for $300, at catch weight, but the latter told him to raise it to $500, and he would accommodate him—either immediately or in six weeks. The affair will end in no fight. Farley's forte is not fighting. There is a party on the other side of town that wants to make a match with Chandler for either $500 or $1000, at Chandler's weight, and possibly there may be another mill in a short time. All that is *known* of him is that he is the *unknown*. If there should be a match you may depend on getting the news. M. L. D,

SAN FRANCISCO, November 29th, 1865.

HEENAN ON HIS RETURN TO AMERICA.

HE IS HONORED WITH A BLOW-OUT.

A reunion of a very enjoyable nature took place at the rooms of the Victoria Rowing Club, London, England, on the 7th inst., the occasion being a complimentary dinner tendered our countryman, John C. Heenan, by his friends and fellow members of said association, on the eve of his departure for the States. Since his battle with Tom King, the "man of Benish" has made England his home, withdrawing from the prize ring, in which he was so peculiarly unfortunate, and launching out into the more agreeable and lucrative field of book-making, being a regular attendant upon all the principal race meetings during the past three seasons. He was aboard the ill-fated train which met with such a terrible accident on the Southwestern railway during the Ascot meeting of 1864, and has never fully recovered from the severe internal injuries he then sustained. In accordance with the advice of his physician, he has concluded to pass the winter months in a warmer climate, with the hope of restoring his somewhat shattered constitution, and with this view he has undertaken his present trip, intending, it is understood, to spend the cold term either in New Orleans or Havana. The *Sporting Life* thus alludes to the blow out. Originally it was quite an impromptu affair, but so heartily did his brother members respond, that upwards of fifty gentlemen signified their wish to be of the number, and at half-past five o'clock on Thursday evening, Nov. 7th, about sixty of the members of the club sat down to dinner. Mr. J. B. Morris occupied the chair, supported on the right by the guest of the evening, and Mr. Joseph Morris, one of Heenan's earliest friends and supporters in England. The vice-chair was filled by Mr. E. Elgee, and it is needless to say that the duties of the head and foot of the table were discharged with ability and good feeling. The chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, said that he felt a double pleasure in occupying the position he did, inasmuch as that, instead of presiding at a little board made up of a dozen or so, as he had expected a few hours previously, he was agreeably surprised by the demonstration before him. No better proof, he thought, could be afforded of the esteem in which John Heenan was held by all those who came into contact with him on the turf, and he well knew, in every relation of private life as well, since he had been in this country. He concluded a very well worded speech by expressing his cordial wish that Heenan's sojourn in the land of his birth might speedily restore him to health and to England, and that in the first place he might have a safe and prosperous passage across the Atlantic. The toast was received with every expression of hearty good will. John C. Heenan, on rising to return thanks, was received with a round of cheers. His words were few, but to the purpose, and no set speech could have so well interpreted his feelings, which, he said, were quite overcome. He hoped he had behaved himself as became a man while he was among them, and his regret was great at being compelled to leave England, though only, as he earnestly trusted, for a time. With the return of spring, he anticipated the pleasure of shaking them all by the hand again, for no country stood by him so well, and nowhere had he met with such instances of personal and disinterested kindness as in England. Several toasts followed, each in turn showing the genuineness of feeling which actuated the several speakers. A most agreeable evening was spent, and all separated, after giving Heenan a hearty shake of the hand, wishing him every happiness on his journey, a safe landing, a speedy recovery, and a happy return to Old England. Heenan left London by the eleven A. M. train Dec. 8th, from Euston-square for Liverpool, whence he will sail Dec. 9th, by the Cunard mail steamer Cuba for New York. He will proceed to the Southern states by railway as soon as he "feels his legs" in the Empire City.

THE DEAD BOXER AND THE PARSON.

Since the death of the gallant Tom Sayers, the pugilistic hero, the British press has given publicity to numerous anecdotes in reference to him, some founded on fact, others creatures of the imagination. In last week's CLIPPER we re-published one in regard to Tom giving a clergyman "a lift," but as it appears not to have been correctly told, we here give the identical clergyman's somewhat facetious response, as we find it in *Bell's Life* of the 9th inst. "A good deal of amusement seems to have been afforded some persons from the fact of my having been favored with a ride through the kindness of the late Tom Sayers. I am not at all ashamed or annoyed at the fact, nor would I so far commit a breach of good manners as to deny the obligation. I needed the favor at the time, and accepted it when it was offered. How many, better able, with all their friendship, would have been so considerate as to put themselves to the least trouble to accommodate me? My good friend Warner (who is a very kind-hearted man, a thorough Englishman) procured me a quick transit to town on a Saturday evening, although he furnished the public with a kind of joke at my expense. I did not know who my Jehu was, nor did I receive the least intimation from Tom Sayers himself, and I certainly made no request whatever to be put down before I arrived at my journey's end. I trust that I am, and ever shall be, too much of a gentleman to be guilty of any act such as is related of me in the papers—That when I found out that it was Tom Sayers, I demanded to be put down at once. I, for one, would not spurn the offer of a cup of cold water, even when my benefactor may turn out to be somewhat notorious. I don't suppose such an action identifies me with Tom's pugilistic propensities. It might rather be my mission to mix with such persons a little more! I was first initiated into the mysteries of the 'Ring' at the time of the Farnborough exchange of civilities, and my guilt was certainly shared by the 'purest' journals of the day (I believe the *Record* found it necessary to cater to the then popular taste!); and to my own knowledge 'The Fight' was the absorbing topic at dinner parties, and in the best society. Even young ladies threw aside all coyness, and vied for pre-eminence in their acquaintance with such terms as 'claret,' 'pepper-box,' and 'first ruby,' etc. I am only *par inter pares*,' and presume that, if I be obtuse in the matter, that obtuseness may be traced to familiarity with evil, and the homage paid to it on every hand, and showed in so many ways by my equals and betters, both clerical and secular. Tom Sayers put me down at Kilburn Gate, where I wished to be put down. The conductor of a 'bus was the first who enlightened me on the subject. A certain cadaverous-looking personage, who honored the upper room of the omnibus synagogue, seemed highly perplexed to account for my connection with the redoubtable Champion, and accordingly, in serious and devout accents, tackled the conductor. 'Didn't I see that gentleman get down from Tom Sayers' gig?' 'Yes, sir.' '*But* he's a priest, isn't he?' 'Yes, sir.' My fate as an orthodox cleric was evidently from that moment sealed with this shocked censor. But my troubles on this pilgrimage and on that day were not confined to the above fatality. Whom should I meet on my journey but one of my churchwardens! This excellent gentleman (who, like other spectators of my position, had evidently a better acquaintance of the Champion than myself!) was so 'dumb-founded' at the spectacle that he passed by on the other side, and had no time to collect his scattered thoughts, and so failed to recognise me in his usual way. I have an opinion of my own that Tom felt the more uncomfortable of us two, although he may have had an eye to the joke, and I had not. I suppose the combination of two such important personages was somewhat incongruous, but I don't quite see it, unless one must regard Tom as an outcast. I suggest that neither of us dishonored ourselves nor one another. I heartily thanked him for his kindness. I have never been officially installed as Tom's chaplain, but I am quite open to the offer of a good chaplaincy from any source, as it would materially improve a curate's niggardly stipend. I have no small love for horses and dogs, and have perchance an equal or inferior love for a dog cart, which, had I possessed, I might have dispensed with Tom's assistance on the above occasion. I am now immortalized! I thought the matter was dead and buried a year ago, but since Tom's death it has 'cropped up' again; and although I am now buried in the country, I constantly read my immortalization in every 'Little Pedlington News' of every village and town in this quarter. So I send you the facts, which you may make use of, if you think proper. *But no such conversation as related ever occurred between the pugilist and*

THE CLERGYMAN.

THE BRITISH P. R. CHAMPIONSHIP.

Jem Mace, having heard from various quarters that Joe Goss intended staking money in our hands, to make a match with him for the Championship, has been beforehand with him, and this week has left £10 in our hands for Joe to cover. Whether Goss intends to carry out his intentions remains to be proved. Billy Shaw, his present Mentor, however, intimates to us that he has gone to Northampton to look up his friends.—*Bell's Life, Dec. 9.*

THE TOM SAYERS MONUMENT FUND.

Quite a number of subscriptions of from a crown to £10, making an aggregate of £79 16s. 6d., have been donated to erect a monument over the remains of poor Tom. *Bell's Life* gives the highest sum—£10.

TOO MUCH MANN FOR JAGGER.—On Monday, Dec. 4, a gallant and determined fight, for £5, took place between J. Mann and J. Jagger, at Yews lane, near Barnsley, both being Barnsley lads. 25 rounds were fought in 35sec. The encounter was a most severe one, both men being fearfully punished and bleeding profusely, and it was only from sheer exhaustion and loss of blood that Jagger's friends threw up the sponge, while the dreadful hammering inflicted upon his opponent had already begun to tell fearfully.

WADE FOUND WANTING.—On Monday, Dec. 4, about 200 persons were present to witness an off-hand mill, for £10, which took place between J. Walls and J. Wade, at catch weight. Walls won in 18 rounds, after a rattling mill in 32min., who gained the first knock down in the fifth round by a right-hander on the left jaw, Wade gaining first blood in the second round. We are requested to state that Wade, the losing man, is not satisfied with his defeat, and is open to fight his late opponent for £10 or £15 a side, at 8st. To fight within six weeks, in the Leeds District, or in the same ring as Bodley and Thorp.

MILL IN THE HULL DISTRICT.—On Nov. 30, William Holmes, and W. Easton met in the Hull District, England, for £25 a side, catch weight. The former was declared the winner, after three rounds had been fought, in 17 minutes.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

HERR J. LOEWENTHAL.—Your letter reached us on Dec. 15. Be assured the matter in hand had our immediate attention. Will write you as soon as we know the result of our application.

GEO. GROVES.—Accept our thanks for the amended problem, which will speedily appear; also for kind compliments of "CLIP. PROB. TOURNEY;" also, for the game.

O. A. BROWNSON, JR.—Will send a few such addresses as you require at our earliest leisure. The other matter is undergoing digestion.

E. H. C., Washington.—Glad the package proved so entertaining. "Phania" will send you a copy of her game with "Lopez." Problem, as always, welcome; 'tisn't the first time, we opine, that practice has snubbed his ancestor's precept. Your opinion of "C. A. B's" *escapade* quite agrees with our own.

OUR GAME last week should have closed thus: and the Defence (O. A. B., Jr.) wins the *partie*. That it was a mere clerical or typographical error is patent enough, however, to any one playing it through.

N. M.—Answered by mail, as requested.

A RUMOR SNUBBED.—We have waited with no little curiosity to learn the result of a match which has run the gauntlet of the gossips, if not of the chess board, between F. Perrin, Esq., the honored President of the Brooklyn Chess Club, and the well known able English amateur, Capt. Mackenzie. It had been detailed with all the adjuncts of terms, number of games, etc. But it turns out, ridiculously enough, that "it was merely broached about by a third party, under the impression that the principals would at once come to an understanding, as such a contest would be likely to give here a stronger impulse to Chess."

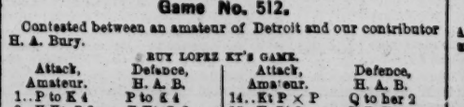
DEAD BUT ALIVE AGAIN.—We hail with unfeigned delight the resuscitation of the New Orleans Chess Club. Will its Secretary, our old friend and contributor, C. A. Maurian, Esq., furnish us with such particulars as will place us again *en rapport?*

Enigma No. 512.

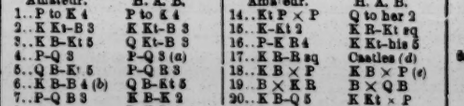
From the Era.

BY HERR KLETT.

"The following problem, from *Le Palamede's* Tourney, received favorable mention from the committee of award. In presenting it to our readers we feel convinced that they will agree with us in recognizing in the construction of this position a composer of great genius. This masterpiece of strategy, alone, places the author in the foremost rank of living composers.—*Loewenthal.*



at K Kt 3, Q Kt 5, K R 7, Q R sq, Q 5, K Kt 2, K Kt 8, Q 4th, and White Pawns at K 3, and K B 2d.



at K B 4, Q 2, Q B 3, K sq, Q Kt 7, Q B 2, Q B 5, Q 3d, and Black Pawns at K B 3, K Kt 2, and K Kt 4th.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 512.

BY W. A. BALLANTINE.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 512.

Contested between an amateur of Detroit and our contributor H. A. Bury.

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

| Attack, Amateur. | Def

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WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF US.

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Beautifully chased and plated.

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In every part of the United States and Provinces, and to all such very liberal inducements will be offered, and, on application, a circular of terms will be forwarded. We prefer money sent in Post Office Orders where they can be obtained, or by Bank Draft to our order. Address all orders to our Agency, which will be conducted by

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Dear Sir: With your permission, I wish to say to the readers of your paper that I will send by return mail, to all who wish it (free) a recipe with full directions for making and using a simple Vegetable Balm, that will remove in ten days Pimples, Blotches, Tan, Freckles, and all Impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth, and beautiful.

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These recipes are valuable to both old and young, and as they are mailed to all who need them free of charge, they are worthy the attention of all who prize a clear, pure Skin, or a healthy growth of hair.

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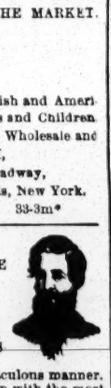

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Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

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Death's Doings in 1865.

THAT GRIM VISAGED WARRIOR, DEATH, has been busy in the profession the past year. For the year 1864, one hundred and thirty two deaths occurred, and during the year just closing we have to record the names of one hundred and ten. "That we shall die we know; 'tis but the time, and drawing days out, that men stand upon." Ah, yes! The time; but, for this, we are never ready; it ever arrives too soon. Even in old age we wish it would delay its coming and yield us yet a few more years. But it is when youth, in all the fulness of its budding promise, is taken from us, that we most feel how utterly impotent are our desires to arrest the seeming destined stroke. We truly sympathize in the great affliction of our professional friends. Shakespeare says:—

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come."

We herewith present our annual list of deaths in the dramatic, minstrel, circus, and other professions of a kindred character.

Deaths in the Dramatic, Musical and Circus Professions, during the year 1865.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Ayres, David D, gymnast, Truxtillo, Peru, Dec. 18, 1864.
Abel, John, musician, Jan. 14, 1865.
Ansley, Fred, gymnast Boston, March 1, 1865.
Archer, Geo. W., Baltimore, Feb. 7, 1865.
Alexander, Henry, Cape May, N. J., Aug. 4, 1865.
Adams, Rebecca, Chicago, Sept. 25, 1865.
Allan, Mad. Caradori, England, Oct. 15, 1865.
Brady, Lucy Florence, North San Juan, Cal., Nov. 29, 1864.
Bass, Mrs. C., Hamilton, C. W, Jan., 1865.
Brower, Cornelius P, Phil., Jan. 30, 1865.
Bowers, E, Brooklyn, Feb. 27, 1865.
Booth, John Wilkes, near Port Royal, April 26, 1865.
Brown, Thos., Chicago, May 13, 1865.
Borbek, C. G., Phil., June 15 1865.
Barnett, Emily M., Cincinnati July 15, 1865.
Badiali, Sig., Bologna, Nov. 1865.
Crawford, Mrs. W., London, Eng., Feb. 18, 1865
Cole, Mrs. Nellie, San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 9, 1865.
Cole, Mr., Marysville, Cal., Jan., 1865.
Courtney, Mr., London, Eng, Feb. 17, 1865.
Chapman, Henry, New York, May 23d, 1865.
Castor, Mr, Sydney, N. S. W., March, 1865.
Collins, Sam Vagg, Islington Green, Eng., May 25th, 1865.
Campbell, John, Walsw, Eng, June 1st, 1865.
Crockett, James, Cincinnati, July 6th, 1865.
Charles, James S., New York, Sept. 16th, 1865.
Campbell, Archy, New Orleans, Oct. 4th, 1865.
Cooke, John P., New York, Nov. 5th, 1865.
Dillon, Mrs. Charles, New York, Dec. 12th, 1865.
Donati, Max, one le ged dancer, London, Jan. 8th. 1865.
Duncan, Thos. R., Rochester, N. Y., Aug 26th, 1865.
Eddy, Mrs. E., New Orleans, Dec. 28th, 1864.
Ernst, Henry, Nice, Oct. 8th, 1865.
Fry, Wm. H., Santa Cruz, Dec. 21st, 1864
Fisher, Harry, Birmingh m, Eng., March 25th, 1865.
Forbes, Fannie Marie Gee New York, July 18th, 1865.
Freleigh, Isaac S., New York, Sept. 20th, 1865.
Fowler, Sarah, Sydney, N. S. W., Aug. 26th, 1865.
Fallon, James M., California, October, 1865.
Greeley Thomas, San Francisco, Dec. 29th, 1864.
Guiguini, Antonio, Italy, Oct. 12th. 1865.
Grace, Mrs. Delmon, Nov. 8th, 1865.
Hengler, E. H., Liverpool, Eng, Jan. 8, 1865.
Hooper, E., Cambridge, Eng., Jan. —, 1865.
Horn, Otto, New York, March 24, 1865.
Hustleby, J. H., Dumfries, Scotland, May 30, 1865.
Hinton, Miss, Birmingham, Eng., July 13, 1865.
Hueston, John, Baltimore, Md., Aug. 7, 1865.
Howes, Lloyd, Elmira, Mo., Aug. 1, 1865.
Henri, C. S., (Montague) Philadelphia, Sept. 30, 1865.
Harden, Geo., Eng, Oct 24, 1865.
Hale, Charlotte, Cincinnati, Dec. 6, 1865.
Huntley, Thos. N., (Delano) Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 27, 1865.
Isaac, P. B., California, Sept. 6, 1865.
Jarvis, H., Chettenham, Eng., March 5, 1865.
Joseph, W. H., Brompton, Eng., March 26, 1865.
Joell, Herr Von, London, July, 1865.
Judah, Sophia, New York, Nov. 9, 1865.
Lang, Benj., Manchester, Eng., Dec. 27, 1864.
Lemoyne, Mrs., (Miss Burbanks) Albany, Jan. 24, 1865.
Lavirs, C. B, Worthing, Eng, Jan. 14, 1865.
Lorini, Mad. Virginia Whiting, Santiago de Cuba, Feb. 28, 1865.
Leggett, Hugh, London, Eng, June 11, 1865.
Lawler, Mike, Memphis, Sept. 30, 1865.
Macon, Henry (Davis), Wilmington, Del., Jan. 9, 1865.
Millicent, John, London, Eng., Jan. 10, 1865.
Macarthy, Marian, Indianapolis, April 1. 1865.
Madelaine, Marion, Cairo, Ill., May 6, 1865.
Miles, Pliny, Mal a, April, 1865.
Myers, J. H., California, Oct, 1865.
Major, H. C, California, Oct., 1865.
Nixon, Chas., Maidstone, Eng., Oct. 16, 1865.
Ortera, Jose Garcia, murdered in Brooklyn Nov. 22, 1865.
Pardey, H. O, Philadelphia, March 8, 1865.
Paul, Wm. H., Philadelphia, March 7, 1865.
Pasta, Mad., Lake of Como, April 1, 1865.
Prentiss, Alvin Stewart, Lockport, N. Y., June 3, 1865.
Place, Mrs. Eliza Petrie, Washington, July 7, 1865.
Prou, Alfred, San Francisco, July 6, 1865.
Pell, Abner W., Chicago, Sept. 27, 1865.
Robson, Young, Manchester, Eng., Feb. 5, 1865.
Robertson, Mrs. Brougham, New York, June 30, 1865.
Ryan, Richard Nesbit, Sheffield, Eng., Aug., 1865.
Rucker, Sim G., Louisville Oct. 13, 1865.
Rovere, Sig., New York, Dec. 13, 1865.
Seguin, Arthur, London, Eng, May 17 1865
Stevenson, Sam'l, Wentworth, Prince Ed. Isle, March, 3, 1865.
Smith, Jenny, Baltimore, Md., Aug. 26. 1865.
Smith, J. Sidney, Cincinnati, Dec. 18, 1865.
Stephenson, Emily, Tipton, Eng., Aug. 17, 1865.
Stanton, Kate, New York, Sept. 21, 1865.
Stoepel, Franz, New York, Oct. 21, 1865.
Sharpe, A. N., Calso, Ill., Oct. 24, 1865.
Stephenson, W. H., California, Oct., 1865.
Thompson, Ed., Baltimore, Md., July 20, 1865.
Talbot, Miss, London, Eng., July, 1865.
Taylor, Richard, London, Eng., July 29, 1865.
Tournaire, Benoit, Havana, Cuba, Sept. 13, 1865.
Tophoff, Mons., St. Louis, Sept. 27, 1865.
Vieleck, Wm., San Francisco, Cal., June 7, 1865.
Van Amburgh, Isaac, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 29, 1865.
Wilford, Miss A., Jo Holyoke, Mass., Dec. 4, 1865.
Wood, Mrs. John D., Buffalo, March 17, 1865.
Walters, John, London, Eng., March 7, 1865.
Wolff, Mr., Melbourne, Australia, March, 1865.
Warner, Chas., Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 30, 1865.
Whitehouse, Freeman H., Portsmouth, N. H., Aug. 28, 1865.
Weston, J. M., Hopkinton, Mass., Nov. 4, 1865.
Wallace, Vincent, Switzerland, Oct. 12, 1865.
Walby, Mrs. Hannah, Williamsburg, L. I., Nov. 25, 1865.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Dec. 25, '65.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all, and "ji' be wid yoo" evermore. Bestow a passing thought upon "yours truly" as you move along in the merry making, for while you are feasting upon roast turkey, mince pie and all the good things which help to make the "day we celebrate" pass off with *eclat*, here are we, cribbed, cabined and confined in our virtuous *sanctum*, with no turkey, no pie, no nice little dainty to cheer the heart or tempt the circumscribed appetite; nothing but paper, and ink, and pens, and play-bills—flanked by a dry crust of bread on one side and a small plate of pork and small beans on the other. Ah! it isn't much to be an editor of a paper that has to go to press on Christmas day—it isn't "easy papers" to scatter ink when your friends are "all abroad" enjoying the festivities of the season, and cramming themselves with turkey and pie from morning till night. But biz. before pleasure, says an old adage, and we guess the old adage is about right. The play must be attended to, the actors and show people must be looked after, so that we may show people that we are not remiss in our duties, or inattentive to the requirements of our position.

We'll tell you all, if you'll give your attention,
And shant draw for one fact on our invention;
And you'll see when we've done
That, under the sun,
There's nothing so rich as theatrical fun.

.....'Tis the season of gifts, of friendly meetings, of reunions, and swilling and guzzling. Some folks don't know when they've got enough of a good thing, and so they go on until they collapse; not so with us; we know when our readers have had a surfeit of the richness of these columns, and we stop at the proper time and at the proper dish, though for that matter *all* our dishes are proper, and serve to create rather than injure an appetite. Since our last, we have heard much "turkey talk," endured a great deal of Christmas conversation, and listened to the gurgling of the cup which cheers but not inebriates.

Mysterious whispers have also been found
Floating around,
Meandering round,
Touching some rare old wine,
Of quality particularly fine,
Brought from some place on the Rhine,
Of that old vintage, '39,
Peculiarly choice, as we opine,
Of which we'll take the "bee's wing" as a sign—
A wine of many virtues—in fact, in fine,
A par icularly choice old wine!

Good wine, they say, needs no bush; but another old adage remarks that wine (or something else) "in the hand is worth *two* in the bush." We go in for the last chap first. But that has nothing to do with holiday matters, when people spend their money freely, and throw care to the dogs. For our own part, we throw the stamps around fearfully about holiday time. Scarce four years have passed since we made our Jim a New Year's present of five cents, and only Christmas before last we gave a small boy our check to the Bowery Theatre before the performance was three quarters through with; true, we had originally entered on a complimentary ticket; but that detracted not from the young man's pleasure at witnessing the pantomime. And speaking of pantomimes, we are led to enter our legitimate channel—theatrical news—concerning which we mean to speak the naked truth, which is a bolder and more bare-faced proceeding in these days than acting the naked drama. In the first place we propose to talk "sarse" to the Minstrel profession. "Many years ago, about the time that we were an apprentice in the office of the Hartford *Courant*"—(the foregoing is not original, it is the way that Bonner commences his editorials in the *Ledger*,) many years ago, we say, we clapped our patrician hands with delight, and stamped our delicate French calf skin boots in token of approbation when Old Daddy Rice personated Jim Crow. He did not claim to be a "gentleman delineator." Nothing of the sort; he did claim to act the character of the plantation darkey, and oh, ye little fishes! (no reference to the *bass*) how he did act it! What a genial glow! what a thorough *abandon!* how his nose seemed to flatten and his heels to protrude! how completely we were carried down to the old plantation! didn't we seem to see the very pods of the cotton plant, and the sunshine blinking through the logs of the humble cabin! Ah, well, all this was in the days of auld lang syne, "when you and I were boys together," and perhaps, after all, our own exuberant overgrowth of fancy contributed somewhat to Daddy's success. Is it true that the cherries are no smaller, and that only our mouths are larger? Possibly, but still we must say that we should like to see a little more nigger and a little less broadcloth and white vesting in our minstrel performances. And that puts us in mind of a story. A young man visited the Metropolitan for the first time, and called upon his cousin—a fashionable young lady, who, for Jonathan's edification, sat down to her piano and asked him what tune he would like to hear. 'Yankee Doodle," was the patriotic reply. The young lady fingered briskly at the keys, and knocked music out of her first rate handsomely. Finishing, she turned to Jonathan for some comments. That worthy bluntly remarked: "*That* ain't Yankee Doodle." "Oh, yes it is," she replied; "that is Yankee Doodle with variations." "Well, then," was the cool rejoinder, "if it's all the same to you, I should prefer a little of it plain." Can our black cork artists draw a moral from this unvarnished tale? (End of the minstrel lecture.) Next we propose to take the actor cusses and cussesses (that's the feminine of cuss—coined in our office in hand. In this respect we are pained to say that an obscure individual known as Billy Shakespeare has got the start of us. Billham has spoken well on this subject, and if we should quote from him were it not for the fact that our regular *corps* of contributors (whom we pay at the rate of five dollars a word) so flood us with original matter, that it is quite impossible for us to introduce extracts. We will infringe on our rules, however, so far as to repeat one sentence of Shakey's. He says "don't mouth your words," and we respond most heartily "nary a mouth." But there are other things not mentioned in the writings of that good Bill, concerning which we wish to speak. Firstly, as Brother Beecher says at the Brooklyn Chebang every Sunday evening (admission free, negroes half price, advertisement gratis,) firstly: an author has the exclusive right of choosing his own words for a play, and an actor has no business to tamper with or change them. If the author puts in the mouth of the Duke de Nocakes the words "He is dead," it follows that the Duke de Nocakes should make the fact known to the audience, and not exclaim "O-h-h-h! he is indeed dead—dead de-ad." So again, if the Baron Sticklinthemud wishes to say to the young lady who has saved his precious neck, "Heaven bless you!" it is quite sufficient that he should do it, and not repeat the assertion three times, where the author intended she should not even have the quota of Mercy and be "twice blest." Now a word to the stars and *starettes* (another original word—copyright secured.) Don't imagine that you are the only persons necessary to the success of a play. Give even the utility man a chance to do his humble part, and envy him not the small share of applause that it may call forth. Do not engage "the most popular dramatist in this country" (whether he live in a hut or a *House*,) to write you a drama in which you appear as the Alpha and Omega (which is Greek for the head and toe-nails). Well this will do for one week, but we have barely commenced to open our "vials of wrath." We shall come down "like a thousand of brick" on all the world shortly. So clear the track that the CLIPPER may walk over the dramatic course, and place upon the record the doings of the profession all in the Christmas times.

MAGGIE MITCHELL commences an eight weeks engagement at Niblo's on February 19th. During her stay there she will produce her new piece, dramatized from the German by John Schonberg expressly for her, and which was first represented at Baltimore on the 18th inst.

HENRY JARRETT, the manager, has sailed for Europe expressly to engage Ristori for this country.

GEORGE WOOD'S New Theatre (now Wood's Minstrels) will open about January 15th, with a new piece written expressly for F. S. Chanfrau, and in which the celebrated Hanlon Brothers will appear. The beautiful effects of the illuminated fountain will also be introduced. Mr. Wood has already engaged some very good performers and he is determined to make Wood's Theatre take rank with any on that great thoroughfare.

CIRCUS PERFORMANCES will be given every afternoon and evening this week, at Lent's New York Circus, affording ladies and children an excellent opportunity to enjoy themselves. Jimmy Robinson was prevented from appearing two nights last week in consequence of a bad hand. He fell the early part of the week, injuring one of his hands so badly that a swelling gathered in the palm and he was obliged to have it lanced, which will probably prevent him from riding for a day or two. As the circus is just the kind of amusement for the holidays, the New York will, doubtless, be well attended this week.

THE BAMABAS' brought out, last week, a burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan," by Charley White, entitled "Black Eyed William." It is one of Mr. White's most laughable productions, and is not only well put on the stage but capitally performed. The last scene, which represents the deck of a ship, is well done. Dan Bryant as William, is exceedingly funny, and keeps the audience laughing all the time he is on the stage. Nelse Seymour's acting and make up as Susan is huge, particularly the waterfall; the meeting between William and Susan when they bid each other farewell, was a big thing in cork. This company will shortly be strengthened by the appearance of Charles Henry, of Wood's Minstrels, and one of the sweetest ballad singers in the business.

EDWIN FORREST terminated a brilliant six weeks' engagement at Niblo's on the 22d inst., with a benefit and a performance of "Richelieu." On the 18th and 19th he appeared for the only times during this engagement in his masterly delineation of Febro, in Dr. Bird's powerful drama of "The Broker of Bogota." We consider this one of Mr. Forrest's very best impersonations, and are surprised that he does not perform it oftener. Mr. Wheatley appeared as Antonio de Caberero, a devil-may-care character, just suited to Mr. Wheatley, and we do not recollect having seen this artist to greater advantage. He seemed to surpass all former efforts, proving to the public that he had not retired through any physical necessity, but can "act his part" as well as ever. The piece was well cast and excellently acted throughout.

THE REPORT that Tony Pastor's Opera House, in the Bowery, is to be used by a German company for dramatic performances, is not true, as Tony owns the building and has a lease of the ground for four years.

CHARLES WOODRUFF and wife, and Mons. Peyton, of the Bohemian Glass Blowers and lately at Barnum's Museum, sailed for Melbourne, Australia on the 20th inst., by the barque Abbotsford. They are under engagement to Mr. George Coppin, the Australian manager, for one year.

W. B. HARRISON, the well known and very popular extemporaneous poet leaves Barnum's Museum, in this city, this week, and joins La Rue's Panopticon of the War, at Pittsburgh, Pa., on January 2d, having been engaged by La Rue, as lecturer, comic singer, and general manager.

H. F. MYERS, (brother of J. F. Myers, comedian, who was recently killed by an explosion in California) agent for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jackson, Australian performers, but now with Maguire, in San Francisco, arrived here last week. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson are expected in this city shortly.

"ARRAH NA POGUE," with T. H. Glenny as Shaun, is to be produced at the New Bowery this evening, and to be continued during the holidays.

T. B. DE WALDEN, author and actor, and author of "Sam," takes a benefit at the Broadway on the 29th inst.

LUCILLE WESTERN commences an engagement at Niblo's this evening, appearing as Miami, in 'Green Bushes," which has been gotten up in good style.

THIS is Clarke's last week at the Winter Garden. This evening he appears in two of his best impersonations and on the 27th the 'Comedy of Errors" and "Robert Macaire" will be produced. As Jaques Strop, Clarke is irresistibly funny.

JOHN E. OWENS commences at the Broadway Theatre, Jan. 8th, in Solon Shingle. Mr. Owens has had this play re-written, leaving out all the weak and trashy part of the play, and a different plot substituted. Of course the character of Solon will be the same, and the great court scene has been retained; but with this exception the piece is entirely different.

THE MANKEN is an erratic sort of creature. Recently, on what we *ought* to consider reliable authority, we stated that the lady would be in New York about the holiday season. By our late files of English papers we perceive that the Menken closed her engagement at Astley's, London, on the 9th inst., and that she was to open in Liverpool on the 11th, at the Royal Amphitheatre. She was then to make a provincial tour prior to her departure for Paris, and re-appearance in London, as her advertisements in the London papers inform us. Under the circumstances, and various conflicting opinions, we scarcely know where she will fetch up. The Menken's second engagement at Astley's was by no means so successful as her first. Let her be very careful how she plays her cards, or she may lose what she has already made.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS offer a fruitful programme for the holiday season, and merry Christmas times are promised. The patrons of this troupe are a well informed set of people, and a little Birch on the end makes them smart and attentive. The man on the other end will back us in this opinion, eh, Charles? The San Francisco boys are King Pins, and their efforts to please are well appreciated by the public. As the undaunted Billy would say—everything is lovely, and the metaphoric goose has roosted at an altitude extremely difficult for a short man to reach without a *cheer* to stand on. In addition to the regular evening entertainment, performances will be given on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday afternoons. Fellow Christmasites, take your visiting friends to see this great band of blackbirds.

HOLIDAY WEEK at Barnum's Museum will be productive of the most pleasing results to manager and patrons alike. Eaton Stone and his confreres of the circus department of the Museum will give a grand display of horsemanship, gymnastics, etc., in the arena, introducing a number of novelties just suited to the holidays. The dramatic company will appear in a new holiday fairy spectacle, called "Dwangee the Arab, or the Fairy Guardian of the Well," in which Mrs. Prior, Miss Jennie Cleaver, Messrs. Hadaway, Daily, Bridgman, Jamison, etc., will appear. Such a *rare show* can be seen at no other establishment. Various natural and unnatural curiosities can be seen at all hours of the day and evening. Barnum's Museum will be a great resort for strangers during the festive season.

THEATRE COMIQUE is the title given to Hope Chapel, which is now opened for dramatic and tight rope performances by Harry Leslie, assisted by a good company. Leslie is lessee and manager. By an advertisement in this issue it will be seen that additional talent is wanted.

ALL PLACES of amusement experienced a falling off in patronage last week. Those that have been crowded nearly every night since the season commenced, were but moderately attended during the week just closed. There was no exception—every place felt the depressing effects of bad weather and the near approach of the holidays.

FANNY HERRING has been performing a round of her favorite characters at the Old Bowery. Fanny has lost many of those attractive qualities which helped to make her popular in former years, and she is now supplanted in her peculiar line of business by more youthful, handsome, and meritorious actresses. Miss Herring, however, is still a fair actress.

SAM LONG, who has long been before the public as a very clever clown, promises a rare entertainment on the occasion of his benefit, which takes place at the National Circus, in the Bowery, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 27th. In addition to the regular troupe engaged at this establishment, a number of volunteers will appear, prominent among whom are Mr. Nat. Austin, Mr. Jas. Madigan, &c. One of the novelties to be introduced on the occasion is Sam Long's famous "Cat Piano," for which extraordinary musical melange, half a hundred of Tabbies, Tomcats, Grimalkins, &c., are now in "active rehearsal," as they say at the theatres. We have no hesitation in predicting a big house for the popular clown. Go early.

GEO CHRISTY does not give the Fifth Avenoodles a very *recherche* entertainment; he has added some people to his troupe, but they are of a third-rate character only, and not what a manager aspiring to keep a first-class place of amusement should bring to the notice of a first-class audience. Stale acts and stale performances will soon give the new place a stale character.

THE PANTOMIME'S the thing for the holidays, and Tony Pastor, in offering his patrons for their Christmas fare his harlequinade of 'The Demon's Revel," could not have made a more appropriate selection. In London, nearly every theatre, from the highest to the most humble, annually prepares its new Christmas pantomime, dressing it up in the most gorgeous style, and engaging the choicest clowns, acrobats, etc., to do full justice to the various parts. Tony Pastor, at his Opera House, in the Bowery, has done the same for his patrons, and his holiday pantomime ought to attract crowded houses.....Miss Maggie Vernon, *danseuse*, steps forth this week for the first time at Pastor's .....Performances are to be given on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

MISS CLIVE LOGAN—now playing with "Sam" at the Broadway Theatre—was granted a divorce from her husband, J. S. Delisle, in one of our courts last week. As the husband didn't appear, to defend the action, it is probable that he wanted a divorce as much as the lady.....Another divorce case is said to be on the tacis between an American actress now in England and a well known office seeker of this city, the lady, we hear, desiring to annul the bonds.

CHRISTMAS season, at the New York Circus, will exhibit gay and merry times, for the ring will be brimfull of talented artists, in their brilliant costumes, while the auditorium will be filled with lovely ladies and their cavaliers, as well as with children who wish to see the Christmas show. A very attractive programme has been prepared for the times, embracing many startling acts of riding, and numerous funny bits of clown business. Lent's New York Circus, in 14th street, will be a choice place of call both day and evening during the holiday season.

"THE LAST NAIL; or, The Fairies of the Laughing Waters," a new and original fairy, musical, pantomimical spectacle, is the holiday attraction prepared by Manager Butler, with which to amuse the patrons of that popular resort, 444 Broadway. New scenery, showy costumes, novel effects, startling mechanical contrivances, etc., have been for some time in preparation, in order that the spectacle may be presented in a proper manner. During the progress of the new piece, the *ballet corps* of this establishment will appear in some of their choicest dances and tableaux. All this, mind you, in addition to the singing, dancing, negro eccentricities, etc., by the forces belonging to the "figure 4's."

THE MANAGEMENT of Lucy Rushton's Theatre gave a sort of appeasing lunch to the hungry critics of this city, on Friday evening, at which the hasheaters played their parts with their usual natural ability and dash. Whether the victuals gratuitously put into the open mouths of the critics on that occasion will have the effect of shutting their eyes to the defects and faults of the new place and its managers, time and their appetites will tell. Its a bad practice to give hungry critics a gratuitous feed. They are apt to want their pap ever after.

LUCY RUSHTON'S THEATRE.—One of the greatest burlesques played for the benefit of a "discriminating public" was the opening of this theatre on the 23d inst. From the glowing accounts of its "decorations, excellent accommodations," etc., given of it by the *Herald*, we were led to infer that it was not only the most magnificent affair of the kind in the country, but perfect in every detail. Alas! for the prophetic vision of "our organ," it was like everything else that sheet has taken under its protecting wing of late, just the reverse of what had been said of it. In front of the church—for the "new theatre" is an old church—a rough-plastered brick wall has been built, with one entrance only to the vestibule. As soon as you step inside this door a ticket office on each side of the entrance to the parquet is before you, and so close are they to the outer door, that it is almost impossible to get inside for some time when a line of a dozen persons is at the ticket window. There are two other doors for entrance to the parquet, but they were closed on the opening night; why, we have not learned. Any one can therefore imagine the confusion worse confounded that attended the opening night. At the extreme end of this vestibule is a stairway leading to the dress circle. When the doors were opened, the audience rushed in at random, not knowing where the seats were that their tickets called for. The auditorium is the worst arranged one we ever saw. The main floor consists of orchestra chairs in front, with a small circular partitution in the rear, behind which are the parquet benches. All around in front of the dress circle are fifteen small open balcony private boxes, each seating four people. Directly in the centre of this circle, and occupying more than one half of it, are what are called the balcony seats. On each side of these are the dress circle seats. In this respect, as was proved on the opening night, it is one of the worst arranged houses for seating people in the city. When the audience came in with their balcony seat tickets, they, as a matter of course, took the balcony boxes, as there were no ushers there to seat them. About this time a most disgraceful scene occurred, one that was enough to damn the future prospects of any establishment. A very eccentric and odd looking person named Davis, who is the acting manager for Miss Rushton, appeared in the circle and in anything but decent language, ordered everyone out of those boxes, as they were not balcony *seats*, but balcony *boxes*. The audience could not understand this, and some refused to leave, whereupon this individual in the grossest manner commenced not only to blackguard these gentlemen, many of whom had ladies with them, but actually took hold of some with the intention of taking them out. But he was hooted at, hissed, and every kind of epithet bestowed upon him. The greatest excitement prevailed both up and down stairs. Everyone in the orchestra rose, and for awhile it seemed as if Babal had broken loose. All this time Davis was rushing to and fro, ordering people about in the most abusive manner. Not gaining much headway, he retired amidst a perfect storm of applause, but soon returned with a number of policemen, and those occupying the boxes were driven out like a herd of cattle. In the mean time people were flocking in, and as the ushers that were in the lower part of the house knew nothing about their business, it was not until after the first act that many ladies and gentlemen who had secured orchestra seats could get them. In the orchestra are 210 arm chairs, but they are not "geranium colored velvet cushions, picked with green and gold," as stated by the "Head Centre." On either side of the orchestra are two private boxes, each seating five people. The seats in the parquet as well as those in the circle are the old benches from Niblo's Saloon. The house is lighted by one of Frink's patent reflectors, and called "Sun Light." The passage ways in the parquet, as well as up stairs, are very narrow, indeed, and in case of an alarm of fire very few, if any, could escape without either being killed or injured. The stage is one of the smallest of any place of amusement in the city. There are four grooves very close together. The dressing rooms are under the stage. The drop curtain is a beautiful crimson silk reps, and separates in the middle instead of rolling up. There is also an act drop. The footlights are sunk below the stage. The following is the seating capacity of the house:—Four private boxes, 20; dress circle, 150; balcony seats, 100; 15 balcony boxes, 60; parquet, 250; orchestra, 210; in all, 850 people. There is not standing room for 500 people, so any one can see what a small affair the theatre is. As to its having no equal for internal magnificence and comfort, that is all nonsense. The decorations are of the flimsiest ginger bread style, and not to be compared to Wallack's or the Olympic. The paper hanger has done his duty, for the walls and ceiling are covered with paper which looks cheap and common place. So much for the house. We will now speak of the performances on the stage. In consequence of the disturbance about the seats, the curtain did not go up till half past eight o'clock, when a portion of the company appeared in citizens clothes and sang the "star Spangled Banner," after which Miss Rushton stepped upon the stage, and advancing to the footlights—the curtain descending—attempted to deliver an opening address, but she found it too much for her. She had to be prompted nearly every line, and before she had got half through, she completely broke down, and excused herself by saying that she was "too much overcome by emotion to proceed." Probably the badly written address was partly the cause of her break. "The School for Scandal" was the opening piece, but the manner in which it was cast at once showed the ignorance of the stage manager. Although Mr. Waller was very acceptable as Charles Surface, the character belonged to John Mortimer, and Joseph Surface should have been played by Waller. Old C. M. Walcot was cast for Sir Peter, and it was the lamest attempt we ever witnessed. T. Placide was cast for Crabtree, and he and Mrs. Clara Maeder were about the only ones in the piece that fully understood what they had to do. Lucy Rushton dressed the character of Lady Teazle magnificently, but she was as much out of place in the *role* as would have been one of the *ballet*. She has not the least idea of what real acting is, and she should not force herself on the public in such characters. As a first class theatre, Miss Rushton's house is a failure as managed at present, and unless experienced parties take it in hand it will have its days numbered. It would make a very good Music Hall for B. Butler, or a good Minstrel Hall for Dan Bryant.

"SAM'S" eventful career will shortly be brought to a close at the Broadway. This evening Mr. Chanfrau produces his great and original character of Mose, in which he create'd, years ago, such a *furore*. No one can play this *role* like Mr. Chanfrau, although a great many have attempted it. It is to be brought out in good style, and Sykesy will once more "take de but." Lize will call for a few more doughnuts, and another plate of bears. Mr. Wood seems to be up and doing all the time. Last week he had those four unsightly private boxes torn out from the parquet, and orchestra chairs put in their place, which is not only a great improvement to the house, but gives a great deal more seating room.

MR. GEORGE THOMPSON, the "heavy man" at the New Bowery, took his annual benefit on the 22d inst., appearing as Mark Meredith in "Capt. Kyd," Calderoni in the drama of that name, and as Robert Macaire in two acts of that piece. The house was very well filled, and the *beneficiaire* met with a big reception. Mr. Thompson is a careful, judicious actor, and a great favorite on that side of the town.

GEORGIANA REIGNOLDS has left the city, under engagement to Vining Bowers, to play with the officers of the Garrison at Montreal for two months.

"ARRAH NA POGUE" was produced at Niblo's on the 23d, for the last time, at least for the present.

CHARLES DILLON has at last succeeded in getting an opening in this city, and will appear at Niblo's in March, giving his great impersonation of "Belphegor." He appears in Boston, St. Louis, Chicago, and Philadelphia previous to opening here.

LAID UP.—E. Byron Christy, the well-known minstrel manager, is at present in this city, confined to his room by illness. Any of his friends who may wish to call on him will find him at 163 West Thirty-first street.

WOOD'S MINSTRELS give their last performance in this city, at their hall on Broadway, this evening, after which they take a rest until Jan. 4th, and that night commence their travelling tour, showing at Morrisania, and on the 5th and 6th at Brooklyn, at the Athenæum. They go thence down east, stopping at Hartford, New Haven, Springfield and New Providence, and then to Troy, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, &c. Cool White will manage the company, while Chet. Wood, an old advertiser, goes ahead.

Dramatic.

THE ATTENTION of managers is hereby called to an advertisement in another column, which states that Miss Jennie Carroll and Mr. J. W. Carroll, the former a leading lady, the latter up in "first heavies," are desirous of securing an engagement. As Christmas is just the time for carrols they should be secured at once by some manager who believes in "the eternal fitness of things."

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL opened the Louisville, Ky., Theatre on the 12th inst., in the "French Spy," followed on the succeeding night by the "Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish' and her tight rope performances, and on the 15th she appeared in the "Wizard Skiff' and rope performances again. Alluding thereto, one of the Louisville papers says:—'But the speciality of the evening was the tight rope act of M'lle Ravel. Lexicography fails to supply terms by which appropriately to characterize her original grace, ease and daring in this performance. Wonderful, marvellous, extraordinary are meaningless adjectives to convey the idea of what M'lle Ravel really is in her feats of poising, balancing, and figuring upon the rope. She accomplishes with ease the most difficult and unattempted acts. In person, she is a perfect sylph. We defy any one, fiery youth or passionless bachelor, to resist the peerless symmetry, the dazzling charms of her angelic form. She must be seen to be appreciated."

"A TRAGEDIAN," one who desires to become a "bright particular star," and who very emphatically says—"and by the eternal I mean to be, or die trying"—advertises in another column for an opening. He states that he is "up" in several important tragic parts, and would like to negotiate with some manager. Managers are requested to "rerun" the tragedian's card, and make a note of the inducements held forth by the advertiser.

A PERSON called "Rev. Mr. Simmons," "to fame unknown," has been publishing, in a Dayton, Ohio, paper, an article abusive of the drama; as the impartial editor of said paper refused to permit a reply from an actor to appear in its columns, the said actor, Howard Keyser, has ventilated himself in the columns of another Dayton paper, the *Empire*, raking down the Simmons in a terrific manner. These preacher chaps, who are supposed to preach "charity and good will to man," are about the most uncharitable set of people that we know of. What a pity it is that they don't practice what they preach.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN DAVIS commenced an engagement at the Newbern, N. C., Theatre, on the 15th inst., opening in "Bafaelle the Reprobate," supported by Mr. J. H. Rogers and Miss May Meredith ...Miss Annie Dillingham was underlined to appear on the 20th.....Madame Carlotta Pozzoni commences an engagement on Jan. 1st.

CUT HIS HEAD OFF.—Charles Taylor, who used to strut his brief hour upon the San Francisco stage, and who, after marrying a *soubrette* actress named Nellie Brown, left that city a few months ago for China, met with much misfortune. He first lost his wife, and then joining the Taipings, or rebels, was captured by the Imperialists, and in company with several Chinamen had his head taken off.

THE METROPOLITAN, San Francisco, has, since Charles Wheatleigh took the managerial reins in hand, done a very good business. On Nov. 24th the "Octoroon" was produced, with Wheatleigh as Scudder, Pauncefort as Wah-no-tee, Sallie Hinckley as Zoe, and Mrs. Sedley Brown as Dora. On the 26th Vestvali commenced an engagement, opening in Games, supported by Mr. Wheatleigh, Mrs. Judah, Miss Hinckley, Mrs. Sedley Brown, Mrs. Yeamans, Mrs. Wheatleigh, and Messrs. Leach, Warwick, Hamilton, Roundy and Archer. Mlle. Vestvali introduces five original songs in the play. She met with a hearty reception, the public being evidently anxious to prove that no foreign artiste need fear to encounter any national prejudice in that city. She was called out at the close of each act, and at the close of the piece made a speech, expressive of her thanks for the reception accorded her. "Games" was repeated three nights. On Dec 1st she was up for a benefit, when Vestvali Lund was to appear.

FANNY S. PRICE was announced to appear at Glenn's Theatre, Norfolk, Va., on the 19th, as Mad. Vine in "East Lynne," and as Julianna in "The Honeymoon." Every lady visiting the theatre was to be presented with a copy of the novel of East Lynne.

T. HAMILTON was the recipient of a benefit on the 13th at the Savannah, Geo., Theatre, when he appeared as Hamlet, supported by Miss M. E. Gordon as Ophelia, and Isadore Cameron as the Queen.

JULIA DEAN played "Lesbia" on Nov. 28th, at the Salt Lake City

IN CHICAGO, the theatres are doing well. Under date of December 21st, our correspondent writes as follows: "As the holidays draw near, the attendance at both McVicker's and Wood's seems to increase. The Florence engagement, at McVicker's, terminates Saturday, they having been persuaded to remain one week longer. 'Inshavogue' was performed all of last week, and Monday night (18th), they opened in 'Dombey & Son;' Tuesday, 'Kathleen Mavourneen;' Wednesday, 'Dombey & Son' again, and Thursday, 'Kathleen Mavourneen' is to be repeated. Mr. Florence, as Captain Cuttle, was excellent, and it again reminded one of the late Mr. Burton's personation of the same. Mr. Churchill's 'Jack Bunsby' was the best I ever saw—his 'make-up' perfect. Mr. Hudson's 'Wally' was very good, what there was of it, but the character is a nominal one. This young actor is the finest dresser on any stage in Chicago, and he deserves great credit for his taste. Mr. Bock's 'Corker' was very good, and he looked the part to perfection. Next (this) week 'The Needful' will be represented, with the stock alone.....At the Museum, on the 15th, the leading lady, Mrs. Thos. Barry, took a benefit, producing 'Much Ado About Nothing' and 'The Maid with the Milking Pail,' to a crowded house. Mrs. Barry's Beatrice was splendid, her reading being without exception. Mr. Aiken, as 'Benedict,' was also good, excelling always in that style of character. Mr. MacManus was clever, as 'The Prince.' On Monday, the 18th, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was again taken from the shelf, with its former cast, with the exception of Mr. Walters as Lagree. The piece is well played throughout, and the scene between Lagree (Mr. Walters) and Cassey (May Howard) is especially fine. On Friday evening, 22d, Mr. McManus, juvenile man, takes a 'ben' in 'Love's Sacrifice' and a farce. Next (this) week, 'Beauty and the Beast' will be presented. Miss Agnes Kenny has arrived at this house, but I have not yet seen her.....Grover's German Opera opened here on Monday, 18th, to a full house, with 'Faust.' Their performances have been well attended, so far, and he (Grover) has succeeded far better than Grau. On next Wednesday, his theatrical company from Washington will open at the Opera House if Mr. Murdoch is sufficiently recovered from his illness to attend.'"

JOHN BROUGHAM closed his splendid engagement at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 23d inst. For his benefit on the 22d he appeared in "The Serious Family" and his own capital burlesque of "Pocahontas."..... J. B. Roberts is the star the present week, appearing in the spectacle of "Mephistophiles." Barton Hill also appears at the Walnut, this week, introducing his new comedy of "Brother Sam."

JAS. E. MURDOCH was again compelled to defer his appearance at the Arch, Philadelphia, for, on the 18th, he was taken suddenly ill, and was unable to perform. Madame Ponisi filled out the week, giving a series of her tragic delineations, assisted by the stock. ....."Lost in London" is running this week, with Mrs. John Drew as Nelly Armroyd.....Dr. Jas. McClintock says that, with proper care, Mr. Murdoch may be thoroughly restored to health. The public will be glad to hear this.

Negro Minstrelsy.

JOHNNY BOOKER'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND is the title of a troupe of fifteen performers recently organized by the well-known and popular Johnny Booker, now entertaining the Michiganders and Michigeese with their pleasing performances. For a list of the chosen fifteen, see advertisement in another column.

MANAGERS OF MINSTREL AND VARIETY TROUPES who wish to aid in "reconstructing" our "erring sisters," can do so by engaging the Newbern Theatre, and other theatres and halls in North Carolina, through manager J. H. Rogers, whose advertisement to that effect will be found in another column.

ARLINGTON AND NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS performed in Manayunk, Pa., three nights last week, and two nights in Wilmington, Del. This week they are in Washington.

BURGESS, PRENDERGAST & CO.'S MINSTRELS are now under the sole management of La Rue, the well known panorama manager, lecturer and humorist.

BURGESS, PRENDERGAST, HUGHES AND DONNIKER'S MINSTRELS have been meeting with poor success of late, which is attributed to poor management ahead, as well as bad weather. The party opened in Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 19th, to a large house. From the Smokey City they were to go to Gerard, Pa., on the 22d, and open in Buffalo on the 23d, for three nights.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS were favored with good patronage during their stay in Boston, Mass. They were to leave there for Rhode Island for the ensuing fortnight, and they announce in an advertisement in this issue that their time is filled up in the east, as they leave for Macon, Ga., on Jan. 20th, to re-organize for the spring campaign.

SKIFF AND GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS were advertised to perform at Concord, N. H., on the 25th and 26th inst.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS, the name and fame of whom is world wide, commence a starring tour on January 1st, at Lowell Mass. From thence they go to Taunton, appearing there on Jan. 2d; Providence, R. I., 3d and 4th; Hartford, 5th and 6th; Worcester, 8th; Springfield, 9th; Troy, N. Y., 10th and 11th; Albany, 12th and 13th; Syracuse, 15 h and 16th; Rochester, 17th; Lockport, 18th; Buffalo, 19th and 20th; Cleveland, 22d, 23d and 24th; Toledo, 25th, and Detroit, 26th and 27th. The repute of this troupe, together with the fact that this is their first trip west in five years, should bespeak for them good patronage.

J. H. CLIFFORD, the well known professor of dancing, and devotee at the shrine of Terpsichore, joined Hooley's Minstrels in Brooklyn on the 22d inst. He is also the author of a work entitled "The art of jig and clog dancing without a master," which will be found duly advertised in another column. Those desiring to learn the art in that way should address J. H. Clifford as therein instructed.

THE COMBINATION TROUPE is the title of a new minstrel party started from this city under the management of H. A. Fuller, for a tour through Vermont and New Hampshire. The company consists of the following:—Frank George, M. J. Kerrigan, Wm. McAllister (of McAllister, Fay and Cross' Minstrels), Messrs. Mullins, Lewis, Clark, Sturgis, and Allen.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, in Brooklyn, are keeping up the good old custom of distributing Christmas presents to their friends. During the week a large number of articles of jewelry, fancy goods, etc., will be presented to those who attend the entertainments offered by Hooley's Minstrels. Some of these gifts are valuable some amusing, and some calculated to please old and young alike. There will, doubtless, be a great "scrouge" at Hooley's Opera House this week.

"RAYNOR'S OPERA HOUSE" is the title of a hall now occupied by J. M. Raynor and his troupe of Minstrels. The hall is in the Assembly Rooms, Philadelphia, and Mr. Raynor commenced his entertainments there on the 25th inst. Mr. Raynor was with the late E. P. Christy for a long time, and afterwards took his, Christy's, Minstrels to Europe, where they remained several years, and became great favorites.

MESSRS. FUNSTON AND CORNWELL, the Philadelphia dramatic agents, advertise in this week's CLIPPER for a violinist and middle man.

GREEN'S MOCKING BIRD MINSTRELS have performed at Troy, Saratoga, Rutland, Burlington and Rouse's Point, since their organization, and appear to have been well received in each place. On Christmas night they were to open at Montreal, C. E., and stay there all the week, and from thence go to Ogdensburg, and so on west.

MANAGER DUPREZ, of Duprez and Benedict's Minstrels, publishes a well merited rebuke of a Norwich newspaper in this week's CLIPPER, for its uncalled for and untruthful statement in regard to negro minstrelsy as an amusement. As the paper is barely known outside of its own press room, however, it is calculated to do but little if any mischief, and we presume minstrelsy will survive its onslaught.

THE BUCKLEYS announce this as the last week of their stay in Boston. They start next week on a traveling tour.

KELLY AND LEON'S band are doing a moderate business in Chicago with a large company. They sport four comedians, Price, Gettings, McAndrews, and Williams.

BURNT CORK, prepared ready for the face, is very handy to have with minstrel companies. John Sivori has it for sale, as is stated in his card in our advertising columns.

Music Halls.

THE OXFORD THEATRE AND MUSIC HALL, of Portsmouth, Va., is one of the institutions of that old-time Virginia port, at which a talented and versatile company is now performing. Among the most prominent of the waterfall denomination are Josephine Parker, Sallie Arnold, Mary Newton, Georgie May and Flora Leonetta; the chief of those whose cataracts are not in danger of being frozen are Tom Russell, Fayette Welch, Bob Hall, Pony Smith, Charlie Petrie and Billie Ward. The proprietor, Mr. R. S. Parker, has R. H. Hall and T. Russell as his right and left bowers. By advertisement in this issue, it will be seen that talent can always find an engagement at this establishment.

THE BROADWAY VARIETIES, Nashville, under the management of W. B. Chapin & Co., is said to be in successful operation. Tom Channon put in an appearance on the 15th, also Gus Shaw, Lizzie Walker, Minnie Clarke, and Minnie and Emma Clare, who are said to be great favorites there. Netty Smith, *danseuse*, appeared on the 18th, and on the 21st Lizzie Walker was to take a benefit.

THE VARIETIES, at St. Joseph, Mo., has been in operation four months, with W. Baker as acting manager, who is well known as the "Red Man of Agar," and Frank Steele as stage manager. The manager was to take a benefit on the 15th inst. The company consists of Miss Miranda, M'lle Josephine, Jim Hays, Little Tommy, Billy Posh, and others.

OXFORD HALL, Portsmouth, Va., under the management of R. S. Parker, has done very well since the reopening. In the company are Tom Russell, Charley Petrie, Pony Smith, Bob Hall, Billy Ward, Flora Leonetta, Mary Newton, Georgiana May and Sallie Arnold.

THE OLYMPIC, San Francisco, is jogging along, doing a fair business with a variety company. Amanda Lee took a benefit on Nov. 20th, and on the 26th "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" was produced.

BLANCHARD and his dogs were announced to commence at the Theatre, Alexandria, Va., on the 25th inst.

M. B. LEAVITT and Edith Lamereaux commenced at the St. Charles, Pithole, Pa., on the 18th inst.

"THE OIL WITCH, OR THE GENIUS OF PETROLEUM, a new Pantomime gotten up by George Edeson, is to be produced this week at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa. In addition to this Julia Price will appear in some of her favorite ballads, Johnny Hart expatiate in burnt cork, W. A. Wray do up the Old Cremona, and George Edeson vocalise comically.

THE YORK, PA., MELODEON, under the reign of Selak and Smith, manages to keep up a succession of attractive male and female stars. Last week Harry Jefferson, Mortimer Williams, Billy Hart, Jennie Lamont, Emily Melville, were all there, holding forth in their respective *roles* in gorgeous array.

AT THE GAYETY MUSIC HALL, Albany, N. Y., Fanny Gilmore was to close on the 23d inst. She has made herself quite a favorite there. Billy Rice, Tom Pennington and J. H. Trewolla also "bring down the house" with their performances.

THE GAYETY MUSIC HALL, Albany, N. Y., offers its patrons as much gayety as ever. Among the first appearances last week were Charles Coriell, Billy Rice and others. Fanny Gilmore was announced to cry quits on the 23d, and for the 22nd J. H. Trewolla had his name up for a jubilee. Miss Forrestell appears this week.

THE NATIONAL, Memphis, Tenn., had its company strengthened last week by the appearance of Eugene F. Gorman and Mrs. Jacobs. The company at present engaged consists of Oscar Willis, Jas. Porter, Geo. Powers, La Belle Clara, Maria Clinton, Amelia Herbert and Maggie Winters.

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT" is the present attraction at the American Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

LEON DE BERGER was married to Virginia Richmond, at Meadville, Pa., on the 17th inst., and soon after left for Cincinnati, Ohio, to go thence to Nashville, Tenn.

Circuses.

COOKE, WILSON AND ZOYARA'S PACIFIC CIRCUS, that left San Francisco on Oct. 2d, for a long cruise, has been heard from, as will be seen by the following letter from one of the company, dated,

HONOLULU, Sandwich Islands, Nov. 3d.

"FRANK QUEEN:—After a splendid passage of nineteen days, we arrived here all safe and opened two days afterwards under our two centre pole canvas to an extraordinarily large house, which same business has continued, with the exception of one night, (rainy). Our price list is $1 50, $1 00, and 50 cents. The Royal Family have been very well represented at each performance, but his Majesty, King Lot, (who has recently ascended the throne) —a rather high-toned individual—has not visited us yet. He has expressed his willingness for Monday night next. When Wilson had his company he, five years ago, the present king was a prince, and a jolly, convivial fellow; he played billiards and rolled ten-pins with Wilson; but I infer the dignities of a ruler compel him to stand aloof. Our company attended a Hool-a-hool a, native dance, last week. The women and men are in an entire state of nudity; pigs, yams and sweet potatoes are roasted whole in the ground with heated stones, and with one, two and three fingered 'poys' or 'puoy,' the feast, or in native, 'lou ow' concludes the pow-wow. Our schooner, the Alice, of 240 tons register, and of a model similar to Geo. Stear's N. Y. pilot boats, is very fast, staunch, etc. We carry our stock (19 head) between decks. Zoyara's mare Betty foaled on the passage from Frisco to this place, and we christened him Neptune. The Minstrels occupied the canvas one night, and attracted a crowded house. After the circus tent is down, and while the vessel is loading, the Minstrels—consisting of Fanny Brown, Tom Peel, J. E. Taylor, Jas. Cooke, C. Holcomb, T. Woodruff, Young Guinesse, Mast. Dan, Jed. Wilson, F. Wilson, Geo. Seacamp and C. Hensley—intend taking the Royal Theatre and giving a variety show, introducing 'Mazeppa' a couple of nights. We leave this port the last of next week for Tahiti—in lat. 170 south of the line—a 25 or 26 days' run. At present there is such a dearth of localisms, that I know not what I could write that would possibly interest you. I'll send you a line from Tahiti. We shall probably be in Melbourne or Sidney, Australia, about the middle of February. Your friend, FRANK WESTON."

LEE AND RYLAND'S Circus returned to San Francisco early in November, and, after a rest, was to open the American Theatre in that city.

CHIARINI'S Circus, at Havana, is reported as doing a good business. Among the American performers there at present are Shappee and Whitney, M. Verrecke and James Melville.

SETH B. HOWES' London Circus, as it is called, opened in New Orleans lately, with Dan Rice as their great card, expecting to remain there a long time. It so happens, however, that they read the papers in that city; the Crescent City folks remembered the speeches Dan had made in New Orleans about the breaking out of the war, which they liked at that time; but after Dan returned to the North he made speeches suitable for this locality, which the Southerners *didn't* like pretty well. So this attempt at "riding two horses" at the same time had not been lost sight of when Daniel recently made his *entree* in New Orleans, and the result was that he was *not* favorably received there, so the show he was engaged with found it more profitable to leave than to stay.

"OLD DAME TROT and Her Comical Cat" a Christmas pantomime, is among the novelties presented by the circus troupe now occupying the American Theatre, Philadelphia. New scenery, machinery, tricks, and ludicrous effects will contribute to the success of this holiday spectacle. The National Circus is doing a fair share of the Quaker City business. This week, the American's holding capacity will no doubt be well tested.

THERE is considerable competition in circus business in Philadelphia, no less than three concerns being in operation there at the present time, viz.: Gardner & Hemming's, the Quadrapantheon, and the National. None of them have been doing a great business.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN W. WHISTON, the humorist, together with Hubbard's Tableaux of America, and Mrs. Christine Hubbard, vocalist and pianist, closed a week's engagement at Jackson Hall, Jackson, Mich., on the 9th. Since then the party have appeared at Albion, Marshall, Battle Creek, Decatur, Niles, Michigan City and La Porte. A. B. Palmer is ahead, advertising.

ALF. BURNETT was the recipient of a benefit on the 12th inst., at Temperance Hall, Mobile.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE played to good business in Saginaw, Mich., last week, and were to go thence to Ann Arbor.

JOHN P. SMITH, agent for Artemus Ward, left Cincinnati on the 16th inst. for New Orleans, to pave the way for an early appearance of the "wax figger" showman.

THE INDIANA STATE MUSEUM, at Indianapolis, is in successful operation. Eliza Elvirah Baker, the living skeleton; Major Lewis Green, the dwarf; a Happy Family, the Albino Children, and a large number of other curiosities are on exhibition.

GOTTSCHALK, after giving a concert in Panama Oct. 10th, took steamer the next day for Peru and Chili. He intends visiting Lima, Valparaiso, Santiago, prior to crossing the Cordilleras for Buenos Ayres. All is quiet about the San Francisco school girl affair, but it *was* a sad affair for Gottschy.

PROF. HAMBUEN, the wizard, after traveling through the country for the past twenty years, has retired from the profession, and settled down in the mercantile business in Detroit, Mich. In a letter to us he says:—"I have invented ten different inventions, for which I have received patents from the government, and several are already in operation."

PROF RISLEY, after wandering in India, China, and the Islands of the Ocean, making friends with profit out of the rajahs and begums, astonishing the Celestials, winning the hearts of the cornstalks and cabbage tree boys, and impoverishing himself among the hospitable but impecunious Hawaiians, arrived in San Francisco Nov. 23d.

LESLIE MAY, pedestrian, was to give a free rope walking exhibition at the Athenæum, Cairo Ill., on the 18th inst. Mr. May wagered $300 that he could do it, and the following were the articles of agreement:—"1st. Mr. May is to walk 48 consecutive hours without stop or rest, not even stopping for meals. 2d. That he will walk a rope from the top of the theatre to the opposite side of the street twice during the pedestrian feat. 3d. That he commences his walking at 12 o'clock Monday night, Dec. 18th, and continues on with his pedestrian feat until Tuesday, Dec. 19th, at 12 o'clock, and then commences his rope walking. 4th. He is still to continue, without cessation, his pedestrian feat until Wednesday at 12 o'clock of the same night.

BLIND TOM opened at Howard Hall, Providence, on the 18th, for four nights, to a poor house. Poor Tom fares badly in the "Nigger section."

NICOLO MIESER'S DIORAMA opened in City Hall, Providence, for five nights, on the 18th inst.

PHŒNIX HALL, Concord, N. H., recently remodelled and beautified, with a good seating capacity, and located among an amusement patronising community, may be hired for all sorts of first-class entertainments by addressing as instructed in an advertisement in these columns. Managers of traveling companies should not forget it.

JOHN GOUGH lectured in Fireman's Hall, Binghampton, N.Y., on the 21st inst.

ALLYNE'S COLOSSAL PRESENTATION COMBINATION, in their performances of "Thaumaturgistiana," opens at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on the 20th, Miss Annie Mazzoni representing the beautiful tableau of the "Sleep of Asmodeus."

AT THE VARIETIES, Detroit, Mich., business is good with the stock, and Eliza Duval and Master Barney as extra attractions. Not the least attractive features are the farces in which Mr. and Mrs. Blake appear.

F. C. GARDNER, agent for Miltonian Tableaux of Paradise Lost, was in the city on the 25th.

ARTEMUS WARD was at Masonic Temple, Louisville, Ky., on the 18th and 19th, and pleased large audiences with his "Comic Illustrated Mormon Specialite."

TO PLAY the banjo artistically is an accomplishment desired by many. Therefore all who are so inclined should make a note of John Sivori's advertisement in another column.

ROBERT MELLER, the great magician and pianist, takes possession of Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on Monday next, January 1st, for the purpose of giving a series of those beautiful entertainments of music and magic with which he regaled the citizens of New York for one year. Mr. Heller introduces a number of extraordinary and novel feats in his programme, among which may be mentioned the "Cyges," "Goblin Drum," etc.; he also proposes to introduce to his Philadelphia friends his funny little wooden minstrels. Mr. Heller is one of the most witty performers that ever appeared in a magical entertainment.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

ANOTHER DISTRESSING CASE.—The St. Petersburgh *Voiz* says that about a fortnight ago a frightful accident happened at the Alexandria Theatre during the representation of a German opera. Mdlle. Louise Ehlers, one of the prettiest ladies of the company, who in this piece filled the *role* of a Mexican, was dancing the Cachuca, when, having approached the lights, she went on her knees and began playing the castanettes. At this moment her gauze petticoats caught fire, and she was immediately enveloped in flames. A cry of anguish escaped from every breast. The unhappy actress, filled with terror, ran about the stage and thus fanned the fire which was devouring her clothes. She shrieked, sobbed, and cried for help. MM. Lobe and Zimmerman, who were on the stage, threw themselves upon her and succeeded in leading her to the side scenes. The other actresses, who were also clothed in gauze, fled in order to avoid becoming victims to the calamity. The curtain was lowered, but the audience would not retire before learning the fate of the *artiste*. It was ultimately announced that, though she was in a dangerous state, there were hopes that her life would be saved.

THE NEW SURREY THEATRE, London, Eng., built on the site of the one destroyed by fire, is expected to be ready for occupation by Christmas.

MISS BATEMAN'S provincial tour has been, it is said, a highly successful one. On the 22d inst. she was announced to say farewell to the London public, in the character of Juliet, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and immediately after set sail for New York, where she is to commence a farewell engagement on January 15th, after which she is reported as about to commit matrimony with a southern gentleman and retire from the stage. To the last part of this story we say, perhaps!

SOL. SMITH, Jr., has been playing Gideon Bloodgood in the "Streets of London," at the Theatre Royal, Exeter, Eng.

LYDIA THOMPSON, "the prettiest actress in all England," was obliged to bring her engagement in Leeds, Eng., to a sudden close in consequence of indisposition.

AVONIA JONES, who has been playing provincial engagements in England, was announced to appear at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., on the 13th inst.

THE NELSON SISTERS were playing a poor engagement in Manchester, Eng., at last accounts.

EMMA STANLEY appeared in Plymouth, Eng., on Dec. 8th, in her new entertainment called "All Round the World."

DAN LEESON, well-known to the frequenters of Laura Keene's Theatre, in this city, took a benefit on the 1st inst., at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, Eng., and played Dr. Chiapod in "The Poor Gentleman," and Paddy Murphy in "The Happy Man."

AMUSEMENTS IN SPAIN.—Bull fights no longer suffice in Spain. A month ago the Plaza de Toros, at Ubida, was the scene of an entirely new kind of representation. An elephant of the name of Pizarro fought bravely against two young bulls. Wounded in the trunk, he at first drew back, hesitated, then, seizing one of the bulls by the neck, he sent it rolling away like a ball, and meanwhile crushed the ribs of the other under his enormous feet. The antique sports are thus again the order of the day.

THE LONDON MANAGERS have nearly all announced the pantomimes in preparation for the holidays, and the following are those already advertised:—The Royal English Opera House will give an entirely new version of "Aladdin," by E. L. Blanchard. .....Drury Lane will give E. L. Blanchard's "Little King Pippin; or, Harlequin Fortunatus and the Magic Purse and Wishing Cap."..... E. T. Smith produces, at Astley's, "The Little Pigs who went to Market." .....The Victoria has "Old Aesop; or, Harlequin Dr. Syntax and his Animated Alphabet" for its subject.....The New Surrey Theatre inaugurates the season with "King Chess; or, Tom the Piper's Son, and See-Saw Margery Daw."..... The Marylebone sees one and goes one better, doing "Fayre Rosamond" and "Robin Hood."..... The Haymarket, Lyceum, Princess, Olympic, Adelphi, Strand, St. James and New Royalty do not intend to enter the pantomimic field. At the Haymarket, F. A. Sothern is to re-appear as "Brother Sam," and a burlesque by Planche called "Orfée aux Enfers".....The Lyceum brings out a new version of "The Bride of Lammermoor," in which Fechter will play the principal character.....Never too Late to Mend," has become so popular at the Lyceum, that the Manager announces it for the holidays.....The Olympic will continue the run of the new drama of "Henry Dunbar," founded on Mrs. Braddon's novel.....Joseph Jefferson will hold on at the Adelphi.....The New Royalty brings out Brougham's new drama of "Nelly's Trials," and a burlesque called "Promotheus."

CHAS. CONRAD and Millie Myhers, who left this city a few months ago, after a beautiful passage landed at Southampton on the 15th of Sept. From thence they went to London, where they remained five days, and were both engaged for Nottingham; Miss Myhers, for the New Royal Theatre, a beautiful new building just erected, under the management of Walter Montgomery, late of the Royal Haymarket, London. Charley Conrad opened with the German Circus, and he is doing very well. After his first week he was received so well that he was re-engaged for nine months, under contract, at a much higher salary. Miss Myhers dresses and plays small parts. Conrad fell in with one of the company who is a very clever performer, and they are working together in seven acts, and are both received well, nightly.

AMUSEMENTS.

BROADWAY THEATRE,
GEORGE WOOD.....Manager.
A MERRY CHRISTMAS.
Fourteenth and last week but one of the great character actor,
MR. F. S. CHANFRAU,
who, in compliance with earnest and oft-repeated request of many personal friends and admiring patrons, has consented to close his brilliant engagement by appearing
EVERY NIGHT OF THE HOLIDAY WEEK
in his wonderful and world renowned personation of
MOSE.
The performance will commence with the great comedy of
SAM.
SAM.....Mr. F. S. CHANFRAU
LAURA.....Miss OLIVE LOGAN
A MATINEE OF "SAM" ON CHRISTMAS DAY AT 1½ P. M.
Thirteenth Matinee Saturday, Dec. 30.
Friday, Dec. 29, Benefit of DE WALDEN, Author of SAM.
The eminent comedian, Mr. JOHN E. OWENS, appears at this Theatre January 8.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.
This Establishment does not Advertise in the New York Herald
MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 25, 1865.
Engagement, for a limited period, of the distinguished artiste,
MISS LUCILLE WESTERN,
who will appear for the first time at this theatre as
MIAMI, THE HUNTRESS OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
And
MADAME ST. AUBERT,
in Buckstone's renowned drama, in three acts, entitled the
GREEN BUSHES;
OR,
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
Scenery by Hilliard, Costumes by Phillips, Appointments by Wallis. All new.
TUESDAY, MISS LUCILLE WESTERN in GREEN BUSHES.
Admission, 75 cents; Reserved Seats, $1; Family Circle, (entrance on Crosby street,) 50 cents.
Doors open at 7½; begins at a quarter to 8.
Seats secured six days in advance.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manageress....MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Stage Manager.....J. S. SELWYN.
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The great spectacular romance, entitled
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The Revolutionary Drama of the SAILOR OF FRANCE.
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THREE GLORIOUS COMIC PIECES.
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NEARLY EVERY HOUR, DAY AND EVENING.
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TRICK PONY "WILD BILL."
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Previous to the Circus, the Fairy Holiday spectacle,
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Under the direction of the popular comedian,
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AND MORE OF THEM.
In all,
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NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN MINSTRELS,
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Enlarged and Improved for the Season of 1865 and '66.
The model troupe of the world, consisting of twenty-five unapproachable, brilliant
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THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE
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This extraordinarily successful company (upwards of twenty in number) are about to return to the scene of their former triumphs, and with new and increased attractions, including the wonderful
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Showmen are invited to look in. 31-3m*

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Open for all legitimate amusements. Will seat 1,200. Has stage scenery, dressing rooms, etc. No license to occupants. Address
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First class Stars are invited to negotiate, to whom liberal terms will be offered.
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